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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

This is the kind of a day when a good warm house feels very cozy and snug, not because it's so cold outside but because it's so dark and rainy. I don't think anything can feel more miserable than a chilly autumn drizzle. It penetrates through right to your bones.

My sister Jessie is spending the day with us and we have been letting down hems for her little granddaughters in California. Ruth, Jessie's only daughter, has four small girls and of course dresses are passed down as long as anything is left to pass. Colored prints don't show the former hem lines badly, but solid colors are quite a problem, so we have been stitching decorative tape on some of these things.

We are all hoping that Ruth will be able to come back and visit her mother around the middle of October and if she does, she can take these dresses back with her. They could always be mailed, but I think we both needed something to spur us on since it's a temptation to put off such jobs.

Howard has been here for quite a few meals recently since he is keeping "batch" during Mae's absence. Mae manages our Kitchen-Klatter office, you know, and she had put off her 1959 vacation until this time so she could fly out to El Cajon, California and visit Donna and Tom.

On the road out she stopped in Denver to see Abigail, Wayne and the children, and then flew to Los Angeles, changed planes for San Diego and was met at the airport by Donna and Tom. It is her first visit to California and we are anxious for her to get back and hear her impressions of that section, an area so completely different from Iowa that it seems almost like another country. She is due back in Omaha this weekend and Howard will drive to the airport to meet her. He managed to get a lot accomplished in her absence and she'll be happy to see the painting that's been finished in the living room.

Since my letter is the last thing in to the printers this month I will add details that have happened since the children wrote their letters.

Dorothy's and Frank's farm was hit by a very unseasonable tornado that came roaring in with almost no warning at all. It ripped the front

porch from their house, knocked a big hole in the side of the house, and leveled many of the beautiful big trees that Frank's father planted when he built the house so long ago. In addition to this it ripped out other trees, damaged out-buildings, and killed the riding horse Kristin loved so dearly.

However, even if it had leveled everything on the place they would still feel very fortunate because Kristin could so easily have been killed. She was walking along the road that runs between their place and her Uncle August's and Aunt Delia's place when she looked up to see the funnel sweeping over the hill. Instantly she threw herself down into a deep ditch. It was a terrifying experience for her to be alone in that water-filled ditch while the tornado roared through only a few feet away, but she was not hit by flying debris and came out of the mud and water without a scratch.

Dorothy told me on the phone that through the years they had told Kristin to run for a ditch if she ever saw a tornado coming — could hardly imagine such a thing actually happening but had emphasized repeatedly what she should do in this emergency. When the emergency came, Kristin knew what to do and we're all grateful she was walking on a road with ditches on each side. I doubt that any of us ever complain again about those ditches that have always been such a worry when the road is muddy. Probably Dorothy will give you more details the next time she writes.

Martin spent a weekend with us while his parents went to a convention in Sioux City. The Iowa State Employment Service held its annual meeting there, and since the wives could go along it made it possible for Margery to accompany Oliver. We all felt a special interest in this meeting since one of the speakers was A. E. (Bud) Nelson, the son of our long time family friend, Dessa Nelson in Washington. We missed him when we were in Washington for he was attending a conference in Boston, but at least Margery and Oliver had a chance to visit with him in Sioux City.

Tomorrow we will have company for lunch—Bertha Field and my great-niece, Billie Marie Field. When we saw Billie in Washington she said that she was going to be in Shenandoah in the fall, and sure enough, she turned up right on schedule to visit

all the relatives. From here she goes to Denver to visit John Henry Field and his wife, Ethel, and then expects to visit relatives in northern California and look for a job.

Billie graduated from William and Mary college at Williamsburg, Virginia, last year and now has plans for entering the Diplomatic Service. This will take additional college work, so when her parents, Philip and Marie Field, left for their government assignment in Korea, she decided it would be a good time to work for a year in California. Young people certainly get around these days, don't they.

Jessie asked me awhile ago what I planned to serve for lunch tomorrow and I told her I had it all figured out—homemade hot rolls with strawberry jam, escalloped salmon, orange beets, and for dessert some lemon sherbet and homemade angel food cake.

We're hoping now that nothing comes up to change any of the plans that have been made for Martha's arrival from New Jersey. We weren't sure at an earlier date that her health would permit her to return to Clarinda, but she has made such wonderful progress that now this dream can come to pass. Her son Dwight must make a business trip to Iowa the last week in October and is able to bring her with him by plane so if all goes well we three sisters will soon be together again. Jessie and I have been very lonesome without Martha and we can hardly wait for her to get here.

Plans for Thanksgiving can't be made until almost the last minute. Those of us here in town, plus Jessie and Martha, will be able to have dinner together, but there is nothing definite yet about Donald and Mary Beth coming with the children—it all depends upon Donald's traveling schedule and many things can change it at the last minute. We hope Dorothy's family can come, but that too isn't definite.

The one thing we can plan on reasonably is the fact that Wayne, Abigail and the children will be here around New Year's to spend a few days. Wayne will speak at a convention in Kansas City, so they are postponing earlier plans for a trip to have Thanksgiving or Christmas with us and planning on the New Year's trip.

I've just finished smocking a little dress for our minister's small daughter and now plan to begin my Christmas sewing. There are so many attractive things to make that it's hard to decide among them, but I'll start out with some embroidered dish towels and cross-stitched aprons and then select a few things to work on that are different.

May this be a happy Thanksgiving for you and yours, and may all the plans you've made be carried through and bring happiness and gratitude for the pleasure of being together.

Affectionately yours,

OUR DAILY BREAD

A Thanksgiving Devotional

By

Mabel Nair Brown



This is the season in America for garnering in the last of the harvest. Even though many areas will not harvest bumper crops, still no one should hunger this winter and there should be some to share around the world.

No One Should Hunger. Do we truly appreciate this statement? There is a great lesson to be found in "Our Daily Bread," a lesson that would be most fitting as a Thanksgiving devotional or a harvest home observance.

It should be presented by a number of people in order that all may share in expressing gratitude. Those who are to read the various "ingredients" should be given slips of paper in advance on which their lines have been written.

Setting

Cover a table with a simple checked cloth and place in the middle a bread board with a loaf of homemade bread on it. Beside it place a bread knife. Also on the table should be a bowl filled with fruit and a cornucopia filled with vegetables. These symbolize the gifts of our good Mother Earth.

While the members are gathering, quiet music should be heard.

When the service is to be started, the Leader should stand beside the table with her Bible and read Phil. 4:6 "With Thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."

LEADER: "This is the season of thanksgiving and praise. It is also a time for humbleness and humility, for appreciation of the little things, for 'our daily bread.'"

"An unknown author has written some beautiful words about this food known to all people in all times, a food referred to in Biblical days as the very staff of life. I have asked ----- to read these lines for us today as we gather here to express our heartfelt thanksgiving."

Be gentle when you touch bread.
Let it not lie uncared for, unwanted.
So often bread is taken for granted.

There is so much beauty in bread...
Beauty of sun and soil,
Beauty of patient toil.
Winds and rains have caressed it,
Christ often blessed it.

Be gentle when you touch bread.

Group Singing: "Break Thou the Bread of Life"

LEADER: "The humble loaf of daily bread can teach us profound lessons. The rearing of a Christian family is like making a good loaf of bread: it is easy when you know how! Just as any woman turns to a reliable recipe, so do wise parents consult God's word for guidance in building a good Christian home.

"After studying the recipe for the bread, we assemble the ingredients. Homemade bread calls for ordinary flour." (At this point the first participant goes on without a break.)

First Participant: "Yes, just ordinary flour—not pastry flour, not pancake flour, not a fancy mix of any kind, but just plain, GOOD flour."

"So it is with a family. Just the right blend of ordinary people make up a GOOD family. Genius, beauty, great talent, great intellect, brilliant gifts—these are wonderful things in themselves but they do not insure a GOOD FAMILY."

Second Participant: "One of the most important, yet most inconspicuous ingredients in the bread is YEAST, the yeast that permeates the whole mixture and increases its volume and its worth."

"Just so, God's word is the yeast in our daily life. Without it, no human life can achieve its potential volume, its potential worth for lasting meaning."

Third Participant: "LIQUID is another ingredient we use in bread to moisten and bind the whole together. In the same way we use understanding, sharing and kindness to draw the family closer together and to keep it united."

Fourth Participant: "SUGAR and SALT also go into a batch of bread. A family, too, needs a generous amount of "sweetening," and also salt—salt in the form of zip put into daily living. To observe family birthdays and anniversaries, to share hobbies—these things are the "salt" that adds flavor to everyday routine."

Fifth Participant: "But a loaf of bread is not quite as tasty or as tender without the SHORTENING that enriches it, and in our life we need the friendships and expressions of tender feeling that enrich daily living. These furnish the shortening that makes living more worthwhile."

"True friendships must be earned, treasured and kept in repair. They are one of God's best gifts and we must not allow silence, indifference and neglect to kill such priceless treasures."

"Truly . . . no matter how far, or heavy the load, Sweet is the journey on Friendship's Road."

LEADER: "After we have all the ingredients mixed together, we must still work and knead the dough well, shape and mold the loaves carefully, and then watch."

"So, too, we must work at building a home. Children's lives need to be worked, kneaded and molded gently each day into the desired form. Bread cannot be pounded and beaten into shape! Oh no! Only with gentle, constant kneading can the loaf be molded into shape, placed in the pan and given exactly the right temperature or atmosphere to bring it to perfection."

"A Christian family needs the right atmosphere too, an atmosphere of warmth and love that brings out the best in each person and binds one to another in charity and understanding."

"Thus there is a lesson for us to be learned from a simple loaf of bread. 'There is so much beauty in bread . . . be gentle when you touch bread.'"

Group Singing: Any well known hymn of Thanksgiving that is found in standard hymnals.

PRAYER: Heavenly Father, we come to Thee today in thankfulness for Thy great goodness to us, Thy children. We glorify Thee and recognize Thy promise of seedtime and harvest. Help us always to give thanks for daily bread, and always to see Him who is the true bread of life. Amen.

NOTE: It is to be hoped very much that all groups using this Thanksgiving devotional can conclude it by an unusual ceremony that will carry the full meaning of what has been presented, and that will long be remembered by everyone present.

It can possibly be managed, have small individual loaves of bread baked and pass them to every other person in the group while the final Thanksgiving hymn is being sung. Immediately following the closing prayer the Leader can ask that each person with the miniature loaf turn to the person on his right and together they can break the loaf. Coffee might be served and butter passed, and it would be a fitting ceremony of "breaking bread together" in place of the usual refreshments that are served throughout the rest of the year.

MAKE THIS A TRUE THANKSGIVING

Loneliness is a hard thing to bear at any time, but never does it seem harder to bear than on Thanksgiving and Christmas, the two days that must be shared with others if they are to be truly happy days.

For countless thousands of people, this will be the first Thanksgiving in a new place—relatives and friends are far, far away. For other countless thousands of people home base will be the same, but all the children, sisters, brothers, cousins, aunts and uncles can't get home for the holiday. Thanksgiving can be as lonely for these people as for those who have done the moving.

Unless your house is so small that you can't squeeze one more person down to some kind of a table, open your hearts and homes this Thanksgiving to people who need your friendship. They won't notice if your dishes don't match; they couldn't care less if they eat with sterling or stainless steel. All these things that stop us from asking "outsiders" into our homes should be totally forgotten. No one is critical. No one cares.

People are thirsting and hungering for friendship. This is the only thing that matters. So open your minds and open your hearts. Make it a true Thanksgiving.

ABIGAIL SHARES SOME WONDERFUL RECIPES

Dear Friends:

It had been my original intention to tell you this month about a gold panning trip we took in late summer, but when I looked at the calendar I decided that most of you would have your minds fixed on special cooking rather than Colorado excursions; so I'm saving the gold panning details until later and turning now to some of my holiday favorites.

(And right here I do want to thank you friends who have written such nice letters about the various trips we've made. Those letters were forwarded on from the family in Shendoah, and it gave me real happiness to think that our experiences had been helpful to others who are interested in Colorado.)

The main reason we don't put some of our favorite recipes in our letters is because they don't come out right at the bottom of the page and must be continued in the next column. I'm afraid some of these won't "come out right" but I hope you won't mind too much if things are carried over to the next column.

My family loves fruitcake. Shortly after I was married I became so discouraged with the high price of commercially-made fruitcake, plus the fact it tasted disappointing, that I decided to try making fruitcake myself even though I was a real beginner as a cook. I learned immediately that making delicious fruitcake is not at all difficult or tricky—just time-consuming.

Early each November I make many pounds of fruitcake—enough for our own family to have a plentiful supply throughout the winter, and enough to give as presents to friends and relatives. I learned long ago too that it's a real help to have something always on hand to serve when unexpected guests arrive.

My cakes are baked in small loaf pans, 3½ by 7½". I prefer this size to the customary larger size for convenience in giving, cutting for serving, and also for storage. These cakes are aged at least six weeks and stored in our car ice box—it's serving no other useful purpose at this time of year and is fine for storing fruitcakes.

I won't deny that fruitcake is expensive to make, but it is much better tasting than a commercial product and you have so much more that in the final figuring it is actually cheaper.

One economy is to candy your own red and green cherries, pineapple and lemon and orange peel. I buy two jars of the big fancy maraschino cherries to candy for decorating the tops of gift cakes. But for the cherries which will be cut up in the cakes, I buy the smaller and cheaper maraschino cherries. The same is true of pineapple. I candy one can of pineapple rings for decorating, but use candied tidbits in the cake batter. A similar economy applies to nuts. Use the fancy whole or halved nuts for decoration and the cheaper broken pieces in the



At one end of Wayne's and Abigail's kitchen they have put up this bulletin board, and practically every day something new goes up. Now that Clark has started to kindergarten he can add his school work to all the papers brought home by Alison and Emily. When Denver was hit by the heavy snow in early October, all three children had an unexpected vacation.

batter. Some people do use whole or halved nuts in the batter, but I have found these make it difficult to slice the cake neatly. I do buy the packaged, candied citron.

Two last notes that are very important! Be sure to place a shallow pan of water in the oven while the cakes are baking. This will keep the cakes moist and give an attractive glaze to the tops. Also, the length of baking time will vary a great deal depending on the size pans you use. Large cakes will require 2½ to 3 hours baking time. Small cakes need only about 1½ hours. A toothpick inserted in the center of the cake will come out free of sticky batter when the cake is done.

Of all the dark fruitcake recipes I've tried (and I've tried quite a few) our preference is for the one that appeared in the December 1956 Kitchen-Klatter.

Very Best Dark Fruitcake

- 1 cup butter
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup honey
- 5 eggs
- 6 Tbls. orange juice
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. allspice
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. cloves
- 1/4 lb. citron
- 1/4 lb. candied lemon peel
- 1/4 lb. candied orange peel
- 1/2 lb. candied cherries
- 1/2 lb. almonds (I use English walnuts)
- 1/2 lb. candied pineapple
- 1/2 lb. raisins
- 1/4 lb. dry coconut

Cream butter and sugar. Beat in honey and then add 5 whole eggs, beating vigorously. Add orange juice, then all dry ingredients that have been sifted together. (Reserve part of flour to mix with fruits and nuts that have

all been chopped fine.) Lastly add this fruit and nut mixture. Spread into pans that have been greased and lined with waxed paper. Bake in 300 degree oven. When cold, store in plastic bags in air-tight container. (A car ice box, for instance!)

Every year I always make at least two batches of white fruitcake. Since I tried this recipe I've stuck with it.

Elegant White Fruitcake

- 2 lbs. white seedless raisins
- 1/2 lb. candied pineapple
- 1/2 lb. candied cherries
- 1 lb. citron, chopped
- 1 cup shredded coconut
- 1 cup chopped almonds
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup milk
- 4 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups butter
- 2 cups sugar
- 12 egg whites
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar

Soak raisins in warm water until plump; dry thoroughly. Mix raisins with candied pineapple, cherries, citron, coconut and almonds. Dissolve soda in milk and add to fruit mixture.

Sift flour to make 4 cups. Add salt; sift three more times. Cream butter and sugar together thoroughly until light and fluffy. Beat egg whites until foamy, then add cream of tartar and beat until stiff.

Add beaten egg whites alternately with the flour to the butter-sugar mixture, mixing well after each addition. Combine batter with fruit mixture. Mix thoroughly. Pour into pans greased and lined with wax paper. Bake at 250 degrees. When cool, place in plastic bags or aluminum foil and store in air-tight container.

To use the left-over egg yolks (from the white fruitcake) I double the following recipe and store the cookies in the freezer until Christmas. These cookies are extremely fragile when first baked so handle them very gently. However, after freezing they do not break so easily.

Bohemian Christmas Cookies

- 1 cup butter
- 3/4 cup powdered sugar
- 4 egg yolks
- 3 Tbls. cream
- 4 cups sifted flour (about)

Cream together butter and 2/3 cup powdered sugar; beat in 4 egg yolks and cream. Gradually stir in flour until dough is just stiff enough to roll; chill. Sprinkle board lightly with mixture of flour and powdered sugar combined in equal parts; place dough on this and roll 1/4 inch thick. Cut with star-shaped cookie cutter, place on ungreased baking sheet and bake in 350 degree oven for 15 to 20 minutes. When cold spread with icing and sprinkle almonds over it thickly.

Icing

- 2 egg yolks
- 2 Tbls. water
- 1 cup powdered sugar (about)
- 1 cup chopped blanched almonds

Beat together egg yolks and water, adding powdered sugar to thicken mixture. Sprinkle chopped almonds over icing.

(Continued on page 24)

A VISIT WITH DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

I have just gotten home after a very wet and muddy trip to town.

We live a half-mile off the gravel road and whenever it looks like rain we take the car over and leave it on firm ground so we can always walk over to it and get out in case a trip to town is necessary. (Any city people who wonder why they see empty cars standing on gravel roads now have the explanation that would be true ninety-nine times out of a hundred.) Once in awhile we have an unexpected rain in the night and then we are caught with the car at home and a half-mile of mud to plough through.

That's exactly what happened this week. We had three days of rain and I finally ran out of peanuts and pipe cleaners, both of which I needed to make enough pixies to fill my orders. If you run out of coffee or flour or sugar it's always easy to borrow from a good neighbor, but I'm the only one around here who has daily need for peanuts and pipe cleaners. There wasn't any question of trying to drive through such heavy mud, so I walked out to catch a ride to town with Frank's uncle and aunt, and I got back home again the same way. Fortunately, Frank met me to help carry the groceries for I stocked up with a lot more than just peanuts and pipe cleaners.

In spite of the fact that the ground was dry and dusty, we hated to see this last rain because our corn needed every bit of dry weather we could get. And I have a hunch that we may be at the end of our good drying weather for this fall.

I had a nice visit the other day with Mrs. Francis Newquist of Eddyville, Iowa and she knows exactly what we've been through with our crops this year because their farm is on the Des Moines river bottom and they had to replant once; now their corn is in the same stage ours is in. This isn't a good year for the hog business, but some of us may be forced to start raising more hogs to get rid of the corn that is too wet to crib.

We had a nice weekend visit with Mother and Dad recently. The weather was simply beautiful and this spurred us on to drive down to Allerton and spend a day with Frank's sister and her husband, Edna and Raymond Halls. They have a pond on their place and we all had a lot of fun fishing—Mother caught 24 and even though they were very tiny fish, Frank cleaned them all and when our entire catch was put together it gave us enough for a fish fry.

Every Fall after school starts there are Adult Education classes conducted at the high school in Chariton with a variety of subjects from which to choose. I have never felt I had time enough to take advantage of this opportunity, but for the past two years Frank's sister Bernie has attended and she was so enthusiastic about it that this year I decided to register for the course in cake decorating.

Registration was just this week and



Dishes . . . dishes . . . always and forever dishes! Dorothy and Margery pitch in to clean up all the collection that accumulated when a big roast chicken dinner was prepared at Margery's house not long ago.

we won't know until next week whether enough people were interested in this course to make it worth while to continue with it, but I am certainly hoping that they will. This is a ten-week course and if I am able to attend every lesson (providing it is continued) I should be able to learn a lot. I've been wishing for quite awhile that I could learn professional decorating, and if anyone knows about such classes I'd appreciate getting the information. Perhaps some of you readers in Des Moines could give me tips.

In one of my letters last winter I mentioned the fact that we had butchered a hog and put the meat in one of our two refrigerators. Several people wrote and asked me how we managed this, if it really worked, if we could keep the temperature cold enough in the summer, etc.

Well, it was very cold when we butchered and it is always easier to keep a refrigerator cold in the winter-time. We used the freezing compartment in both refrigerators for freezing the meat solid, and then by putting all of it in the one refrigerator where the temperature was 28 degrees, it didn't thaw out before we had used it up.

However, it doesn't take us very long to get rid of one hog. I would do this again in the wintertime if Frank wants to butcher another hog, since we do have the extra refrigerator, but I certainly wouldn't go out and buy a refrigerator for this purpose. And I wouldn't try it at all during the summer months. This is a good temporary arrangement for me under the circumstances, but if I were going to buy anything it would be a regular freezer.

Yesterday when I ran out of peanuts and couldn't spend my time making pixies (and a lot of people are ordering them now for Thanksgiving and Christmas, and for favors at the Fall club meetings), I decided to surprise Kristin and have a new skirt all finished when she got home from school.

When she was in the fifth grade I made her a couple of pleated corduroy skirts that she dearly loved. I have made her pleated corduroy skirts since then but they weren't pleated just the same way as those first two skirts and she has never liked them as well and still talks about those first skirts. So this skirt that I made yesterday out

of a soft red and grey plaid corduroy was pleated the "right way," and when she wore it to school this morning with a fresh white blouse, it did look awfully nice on her. Today while I was in town I got enough plain grey corduroy to make another skirt. She has a number of lovely plaid and checked blouses that she can only wear with a plain grey, navy, or black skirt, but she didn't have any skirts in these colors, so I decided I had better make some if she was going to get some good out of those blouses.

My old washing machine is on its last legs and the last few times I've done a huge laundry I haven't known if it would keep grinding away or not. I was telling a friend of mine about this not long ago and wound it up by saying that I thought I would have to get a new machine. She asked me then if I had ever taken my clothes in to a Laundromat and I told her I hadn't. She said that she had a good machine, but when she could run through eight loads at one time at the Laundromat and be all through with a day's washing in an hour, she felt it was a big time saver.

The very next Monday night Kristin had to go in to a Rainbow meeting, so I loaded my clothes baskets in the back seat of the car and while she was at Rainbow I did eight loads of clothes at the Laundromat. Early the next morning I hung them out, and since it was a good drying day they were all back in the house and put away before dinner and then I had all afternoon to iron.

It looks to me as if the perfect solution for these winter months ahead as far as the washing problem goes is the Laundromat. I can dry them there too, and this means we won't have wet clothes hanging around our heads for days after I wash.

It made me very happy to be able to meet so many of our good Kitchen-Klatter friends in the Sioux City area when I attended the big Food-A-Rama show and cooking school which was held at the Sioux City Auditorium.

I really didn't know exactly what to expect because I'd never had any experience along this line, but now I know that women love a cooking school and surely turn out for the event. I believe I shook hands with several thousand women and I'll confess that I was tired when it was all over, but I had fun and enjoyed every minute of it. It means a lot when people tell you they've enjoyed Kitchen-Klatter for years and feel that we're old friends. That's the way we feel too, so it wasn't like meeting several thousand complete strangers.

Frank said the other day he had found some Acorn Squash, our favorite kind, growing out in the barn lot and it is a mystery how the seed got there. He just now brought in five nice squash so I'm going to stop writing and get two of them into the oven with a little butter and brown sugar so they'll be done in time for supper.

A happy Thanksgiving to all of you.

Always sincerely,
Dorothy

FREDERICK RETURNED TO NOVA SCOTIA

Dear Friends,

Since last writing to you I have had an experience both novel and exciting. I took ten of the leading young people from my church and three adult leaders for a religious retreat in Nova Scotia.

You can imagine what a grand treat it was for boys and girls who had never been outside the continental limits of the United States and had never been on an ocean-going ship! In three cars we drove all of one day from Springfield to Bar Harbor, Maine where we stayed overnight at a motel. The owner of the motel turned over his entire seven bedroom home to our party, and I wish you could have seen the looks of surprise when our church young people walked into that old colonial home where each room was exquisitely furnished down to the smallest detail. I must admit that even I did not expect anything quite so nice! It made a very happy ending to a long day of driving through the rain and fog.

Perhaps you have heard of the *Bluenose*. It is one of the largest ocean-going ferries in operation and travels across the Bay of Fundy the one hundred miles from Bar Harbor, Maine to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. We sailed on her at eight o'clock in the morning, had both breakfast and lunch aboard, and reached Yarmouth at three in the afternoon.

(To my great relief we didn't have a stormy sea to make the crossing. Last summer when Betty and the children were with me, the *Bluenose* struggled through a terrible storm and as a result we weren't feeling any too good a day later when Russell, Lucile, Juliana and Kristin arrived.)

At the dock to greet us was Mr. Richard Crowell, head caretaker of Argyle Lodge, the summer home of Betty's parents. Dick (as we affectionately call him) had come to meet us with a car since we had taken only two of our three cars aboard the boat, and in less than one hour we had driven through the quaint and picturesque city of Yarmouth, and on down along the southeast shore with its dozens and dozens of little bays and inlets to the lumber-making village of Argyle Head. From there we cut up through the woodlands to the lovely lodge with its nearly two thousand acres of forests, lakes, ponds, and streams.

The young people were so thrilled with everything about Nova Scotia that it is difficult for me to say what they enjoyed the most. Of course a good deal of our time was spent in making plans for the year's work in the church, but always the afternoons and the evenings were free for recreation, and there were so many things for them to do.

Much of what was done had to be done in the fog, for there was a great deal of fog during our first five days, but even in the fog there was much fun to be had. Boating and fishing



This is mother (Leanna Driftmier) and her two grandchildren, Mary Leanna and David Driftmier of Springfield, Mass. We have no idea what Mary Leanna found so "eye-lifting," but she certainly looks surprised about something!

were excellent and all of the youngsters took turns with the several canoes and motorboats that were available, with a few of them fishing for trout and perch. We took several long hikes following trails that had been especially cleared and put into order for our party. There were plenty of deer to be seen, but although we kept our eyes open for bear, we saw none.

We did see one little animal that I had never before seen in a wild state. The swimming pool in front of the main lodge was empty, and one morning before breakfast we found a weasel running around in it. He had fallen into it during the night and was unable to get out. Evidently he had never had any experience with human beings for when we got down into the empty pool with him, he showed no signs of fear.

It seemed to me that I had a good idea for helping the weasel to get out of the pool when I dropped down into it the tail-end section of a large plastic water pipe that led from the water tower to the pool. I expected the weasel to climb up the outside of the pipe, but instead of doing that he darted right up the inside of the pipe. You should have seen the excitement then!

"Stop him!" I shouted. "I don't want him to get into the water tower. He'll drown in the tower and we shall all be drinking weasel-flavored water! Scare him! Pound on the pipe!"

All pitched in with a will, and after considerable pounding on the pipe the weasel came backing out. When I saw his tail coming back down out of the pipe I lifted the end of it out of the pool and up onto the grass where at last he made his exit.

In spite of the fact that all ten of our young people grew up here in the East, not one of them had ever eaten a whole lobster in the shell. On Saturday night we had lobster—the biggest Nova Scotian lobsters I had ever seen. They were so big that one girl took a look at her's and then ran from the room in distress!

I called in Mrs. Roberts, our good Nova Scotian cook, to give the young people a lesson in how to eat lobster. She certainly should know how to do it for her husband is a lobster fisherman, and her father and grandfather were lobster fishermen before him. Lobster is difficult to eat when it is in the shell and because it is so expensive in the United States, most

American young people never get an opportunity to eat it except in lobster salads or stews. It is only after they have grown up and can afford to splurge on rare occasions that they try it.

On one of the most beautiful afternoons of the fall, all fourteen of us took a cruise around the Tusket Islands off the southeast coast of Nova Scotia. It is said that there are 360 islands off that shore and I can believe it, for we saw many of them on that particular afternoon. When we left the pier it was high tide and all we had to do was to step from the dock into the boat. Just three hours later we returned to that pier and had to climb a fifteen foot ladder from the boat to the spot where we had previously embarked. The tide had gone out that much in so short a time.

It was while on that cruise that I had an unusual experience. We had stopped on the beach of a large island to let the young people out to look for unusual shells. Not being interested in shells, my associate minister and I decided to take a hike across the wind-swept field to see what was on the other side of the island.

Right in the middle of this deserted island we found a herd of about 100 sheep. The sheep are left there all year long, being visited by their owners just once a year at shearing time, and they were quite wild. A sudden notion struck me and I said to my companion: "Let's see if we can herd these sheep back down in the direction of the boats and show them to the youngsters. I have never herded sheep, but I have seen it done a thousand times over in Egypt."

And with that we both got into the spirit of it and had the time of our lives driving those sheep across the field and toward the boats. Just when we had them going well with much shouting and waving of arms, one ram led several of them off to one side and as we tried to prevent their bolting away, my good friend Clayton let out a yell and disappeared momentarily from sight. He had fallen into a deep hole. I was sure that he had broken half of the bones in his body, but luck was with us; he only twisted his ankle.

We went to a small church in a tiny fishing village one Sunday evening and there we worshipped with the fishermen and their wives. It was a lovely service—very plain, very simple, and very sincere. I don't remember much that was said, but I made a mental note of the writing on a small card that was tucked away in the middle of the worn old hymnal found in the pew I occupied.

In someone's cramped and shaky handwriting were these words: "It takes courage to live—courage and strength and hope and humor. And courage and strength and hope and humor have to be bought and paid for with pain and work and prayers and tears."

No one knows that better than those hardy, God-fearing souls—the Nova Scotians.

Sincerely,

Frederick

FUN FOR THANKSGIVING

By

Evelyn Birkby

November is a wonderful time for a party. Many decorations are readily available from the woods and fields (or made from construction paper if you live high in an apartment building). The games listed here may be adapted to many different groups; some are excellent mixers and some are good for "fun" ideas for a club meeting.

If you are going "all-out" for a harvest party, write invitations on fruit and vegetable cut-outs made from construction paper. For decorations, sheaves of grain and ears of corn are nice. Gourds of various sizes and shapes can be strung to hang in corners or from doorways, and are equally attractive in baskets or bowls. Fruits and vegetables may be used for bright centerpieces.

For a table centerpiece, try a flat basket filled with gourds, fruits and vegetables. Place ears of corn around the base, and scatter individual grains of corn around them. Candle holders can also be made by cutting the ear of corn so it is flat at the end, and then anchoring it firmly to a small piece of wood or a dish with dark red modeling clay. Hollow out enough of the cob at the top to hold a candle and anchor it also with modeling clay.

If you want to use favors, make necklaces or bracelets from corn. New corn is usually not difficult to string with a darning needle, but if it seems too hard, soak it in water for a short time and it will soften easily. One or two strands for each guest will be a conversation piece for the party. If "real" corn isn't readily available, corn candy can be strung for guests instead of serving it in nut cups. Simulated corn cob pipes might be a rustic favor for the men.

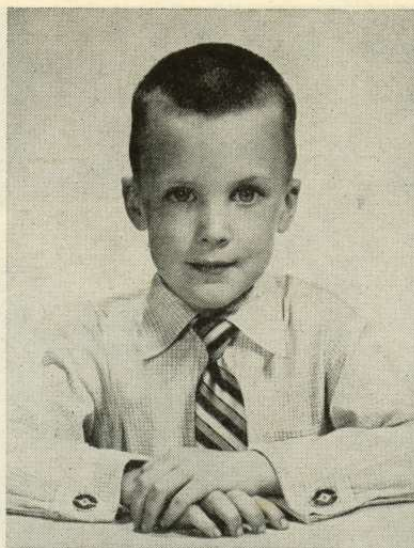
As a part of your decorations, put up pictures of famous Americans (as many as possible from Colonial times). When your guests come in, give each a pencil and paper and have them identify these people.

"Dressing the turkey" is an old game, but perennially successful. On the wall hang a large picture of a turkey (probably you'll draw this on a large sheet of white paper or a piece of old sheet) minus his tail feathers. Players are given a turkey feather with a pin in the quill and are blindfolded, twirled around and told to pin the feather on the turkey's tail.

If you cannot get ahold of real turkey feathers, cut them from heavy brown paper sacks and color with crayon. Children love this game, but don't make the mistake of reserving it just for them. A ladies club I know had an uproarious time trying to get the tail feathers in the right location.

Another game based on the picture of a turkey can be played by throwing suction darts. Mark one certain spot the "bull's eye" and let your guests fire away.

A harvest home farm sale is lots of fun. Write the names of farm animals



Jeffrey Birkby is proof of the fact that a five year old boy feels very serious when he gets all dressed up (note the necktie and cuff links) to visit the photographer. This was taken just before he started to school.

and implements on slips of paper and give one to each player. Choose one player to be the auctioneer—and try to make it someone glib of tongue for the first word so the crowd can get a good idea of what to do. Place chairs in a circle for each player with the exception of the auctioneer, and then tell everyone to stand outside the circle.

The auctioneer takes a slip, reads the name of the article he is to sell, and the player holding the slip with this word comes up and stands beside the auctioneer. He then launches into the usual description of the item—for instance, a wagon.

"Now here is a good wagon almost brand new. It has four good wheels and a good tongue. Now look at this paint. How much am I offered for this fine wagon that will give someone years of service?"

Bidding starts and the minute the auctioneer says "SOLD" all players scramble for a chair. The one left standing now becomes the auctioneer. This can become great fun and will stir up any party that seems hard to get going. Confine the items to such things as farm scales, mule, pig trough, separator, buggy, etc. The sale is over when all of the property has been sold.

For a relay, have the players divided into two or more teams. The first ones of each team run down to a table where there is a bowl of peanuts. They each take a peanut, shell it, race back to their own line and feed it to the second player. Then the second players run down the line, shell another peanut, race back and feed it to the third player on their team. The first team through is the winner, of course.

Purchase a bag or two of alphabet macaroni—your supply depends upon the number of guests. Divide the group into couples or threesomes, depending upon how many there are to play. Each person reaches into the bowl of macaroni as it is passed and takes out as much as his hand can hold. Then the other one or two people who are assigned to play with him all pool

their letters and in a 10 or 15 minute time period make as many words as possible that pertain to Thanksgiving, autumn, etc.

Young people need something less strenuous after relays and will enjoy sharpening their wits on a quiz. Any groups made up of people who are beyond a lot of physical activity will also have fun trying to figure out the answers.

Thanksgiving Quiz

Copies of this should be passed to each guest and a given amount of time allowed to figure out the answers. Explain that the first seven questions all apply to the same food, but that the rest are simply foods that might appear on the festive table.

1. This bird bears the name of a country.
2. Old fiddlers love it.
3. Found in the bathroom.
4. An old-fashioned delicacy.
5. Never serve this on your table.
6. We can't grow it in our country.
7. Helpful to reducers.
8. Cinderella made good use of it.
9. Something ruined by too many cooks.
10. Ida, sweet as -----.
11. Horses can be led to it, but then it's up to them.
12. A liquid used to describe human kindness.
13. Two situations to avoid.
14. To eat it and keep it can't be done.
15. "One a day keeps the doctor away."
16. A female name.
17. A state song.
18. A slang phrase expressing contempt.
19. Meat not purchased by the pound.
20. Children think the moon is made of this.

Answers: 1. Turkey. 2. Turkey In the Straw. 3. Turkish Towel. 4. Turkish delight. 5. Turkey buzzard. 6. Turkish tobacco. 7. Turkish bath. 8. Pumpkin. 9. Broth. 10. Apple Cider. 11. Water. 12. Milk. 13. Pickle and jam. 14. Cake. 15. Apple. 16. Olive. 17. "There's where the tall corn grows." 18. Nuts to you. 19. Mince-meat. 20. Green cheese.

"How Many Kernels?" is a good guessing game. Select six glasses of various sizes and fill with kernels of corn or corn candy. Number each glass, line them up in a row and ask your guests to write on their slips of paper the number of kernels they think each glass contains. A funny prize should go to the one whose figures are the most wildly inaccurate. Such a prize could be one kernel of corn wrapped in quantities of paper and then placed in a huge box.

Cartloads of pumpkins, as yellow as gold,
Onions in silvery strings,
Shining red apples and clusters of grapes,
Nuts and a host of good things—
Chickens and turkeys and fat little pigs—
These Thanksgiving does bring.

Lord, Thou has given so much to us,
give one thing more—a grateful heart.

YOUR MONTHLY VISIT WITH OUR INDIANA DRIFTMIERS

Dear Friends:

This morning I can sit down and write to you with a crystal clear conscience—my house is in perfect order from top to bottom. Perhaps *your* house is always in such condition, but believe me, it doesn't happen here very often.

Everything is so clean and shining this morning because last night I entertained! It was my turn to serve as hostess for a literary club to which I have belonged for the past year, so twenty-one women turned up for a "pitch-in" dinner. I only wish you could have had a chance to select from that collection of perfectly delicious food—a really wonderful assortment of dishes. I've come to the conclusion that 99% of the women in the world are *good* cooks, and I don't know where these "experts" go to arrive at their dismal conclusions that cooking is a lost art.

It took me two full days to get the house ready for this dinner. That may sound like an extravagant period of time to spend dusting and vacuuming, particularly since I had help. But my help was not the kind that comes at 8:00 A.M. and leaves at 4:00 P.M. I had the kind that worked with me elbow to elbow from 7:00 A.M. until nap time, and after nap time until bed time.

Each time I stooped over to dust the legs of a table or to scrub a floor, my helper pounced on my back and giggled over the fact that he finally had Mother pinned to the floor. You might not think that one small boy weighing thirty odd pounds could pin a grown-up to the floor, but you're off-balance when you're working near the floor and one good jump timed just right can throw you over.

I couldn't help but look back longingly to those days when I cleaned furiously while Paul played contentedly in his play pen. Those days ended just one week before the dinner when Paul discovered that by standing on a very small pounding board in the bottom of the play pen he could easily tip himself right over the edge and, after the initial shock of landing on the floor, could gain his freedom. It didn't matter how much it hurt. It was worth the bump to get out of the play pen. I finally gave up trying to use it because I worried so much about his getting hurt when he fell out. Now we trip over each other every moment he's awake because he shadows me constantly.

I have a feeling that my *final* stronghold, his bed, is giving 'way too. Until now I had been able to trust him there because he talked to himself and played very happily after he awakened, but last week I went in to find him balancing his weight back and forth on the top bars of his bed. A fall from that height would be a potential neck-breaker, so I don't know what I will do now.

This boy of ours is continuing to grow bigger and bigger, not in pounds, but lengthwise for a change. I might add too that he is developing motor



There are only three combinations the Driftmier family can make for a three generation picture—as far as the men are concerned. On our September cover we had one combination: Dad, Frederick, and Frederick's son, David. Here we have the second combination: Dad, Donald, and Donald's son, Paul. The next time the Denver Driftmiers are here we expect to get a picture of Dad, Wayne, and Wayne's son, Clark. This picture was taken on Donald's porch at Anderson, Indiana in June. (When Mary Beth made some barbecue mitts for Donald's Christmas gift she didn't know Paul would find them so fascinating that he wanted to wear them from morning to night.)

abilities far in advance of his good judgment. He thinks he is four years old. He watches every move Katharine makes and immediately imitates her actions move for move.

The first time he managed to push a chair over to the sink and climb up I wish you could have seen the expression of utter joy that flashed over his face! There were all of the things he'd been missing for all of these months! Garbage, for instance. I'd stopped using the container that he could reach and kept the garbage safely tucked away from him in a corner of the sink. Now he can get into this, plus a dozen other things, by shoving up a chair.

I must admit that his activity has been a revelation to me! Katharine never pushed a chair up to anything and climbed upon it until I showed her how it was done, and I waited to do this until she was smart enough to know what she was allowed to get into and what she had to leave alone. I'd planned to do the same thing with Paul but he had different ideas on the matter. He also has his own ideas about talking. He once said "cookie" so we know he *can* talk, but he *won't* talk.

Katharine has graduated into my class of kindergarten folks in Sunday School. She had been in the Nursery Department for more than two years and was definitely ready to be taught more advanced things.

Incidentally, I measured her the other day and she had grown two and a half inches since the last mark we put on the wall several months ago. Before I know it she will be going to regular kindergarten and although I know she will love it, I am not anticipating it simply because she is such a pleasure to have around. I'm alone most of the time and in spite of the fact she is only four, she's really quite a companion and good company.

We'd like to go to Shenandoah for

Thanksgiving, but as yet the means of getting there remain unsettled. I cannot imagine driving 600 miles in a car with Paul since he has learned to climb into and out of his car seat, unfasten a safety strap fastened to the back seat, etc. A short drive to get ice cream is about all we can take! Don says it is like breaking a colt to ride in a car with Paul!

One possibility is that I might fly to Des Moines and meet Donald there, drive down to Shenandoah with him, and then fly back home from Omaha. He has been recruited back into the sales department at Guide Lamp, so there is a possibility that he would be making his Iowa run near Thanksgiving and we could work out the arrangements I've just mentioned.

Our summer was so lazy and enjoyable that I was totally unprepared for the mad pace that began in September. I've entertained two of the groups that I belong to, so the balance of this year may slow down a little. I served a delicious chocolate cake to one of these groups, and since Donald said it was the very best chocolate cake I've ever made, I decided to send the recipe along to you this month. I know this has been in Kitchen-Klatter before and sometimes the recipe appears on the package of German chocolate, but they change those recipes on the wrapping from time to time and you may not be able to put your hands on the right issue of Kitchen-Klatter, so this way you'll have it handy.

Tri Kappa is literally roaring along. The various committees worked all summer getting ready to launch their money-making projects. In October we had another Meal-On-Wheels with the same menu I told you about, only this time we charged 85¢ per serving and managed to clear almost \$650.

Right now we're busy working on plans for our Cotton Tail Carnival in
(Continued on page 14)

RUSSELL'S GARDEN NOTES

I have no idea how many formulas I have followed for potting bulbs for indoor bloom, but after trying countless methods I have arrived at some conclusions that may be of help to you.

First of all, the soil that is used in potting should be of low fertility and porous. Clean sand has proved to be the solution for all bulbs, (with the exception of daffodils where I combine sand and peat moss in equal proportions). The results produced have been extremely good.

At one time I combined sand, compost, peat moss and bonemeal (this advice came from a well known expert), but it didn't take me long to abandon the formulas because even though the bulbs made very fine foliage growth, they seemed to be slow in getting around to blooming.

Be sure that the bottom of the pot is lined with small rocks or pieces of pots that have been broken in order to prevent the sand from running out when you water the bulbs.

Five tulip bulbs fit nicely in a five-inch pot, six in a six-inch pot, etc. Plan on fewer bulbs per pot when planting hyacinths and daffodils because these bulbs are larger. Place them so the tips of the bulb are at the surface—pointed side up. This last instruction may sound foolish, but time and again I've seen people plant bulbs with the pointed side down—and then wonder why they didn't bloom!

Next, the potted bulbs must be kept cool, moist and dark until there is several inches of growth. Until this year our old coal bin was ideal, but now it will be too warm so I am putting shelves in the unheated garage and basement entrance where the temperature will be above freezing, but not above 50 degrees.

Bulbs must be kept moist throughout their growing period. Any discarded piece of kitchen equipment that holds water can be used to hold the pots, or you can have inexpensive trays made by a tinner. Instruct him to make them about two inches deep. Check up on these containers once a week or so, and keep them filled with water until good growth has been made.

Rather than bringing the bulbs directly into the house, as is often suggested, I have found it better to move them into a warmer (50 to 60 degree temperature, if possible) and better lighted section of the basement until the bud is well formed on the plant.

This will take from two to three months from the time you potted the bulbs. Hyacinths bloom about a month earlier than the others if they are all planted at the same time. Some of the tulips bloom early, some later, and this is also true of daffodils; so don't expect everything to pop into full flower in mid-January.

The last stage is the enjoyment of the flowers indoors, particularly when there is deep snow outside and the bleak days of February and March give you the feeling that there can never be another spring.

All of these flowers will last longer if they get plenty of light and are kept cool at night. If you have an unheated window that is draped, put the drape around the plants at night to protect them from our warm, dry winter rooms, and be sure you don't let them dry out.

If you have other house plants of the foliage types that are so popular today, many beautiful arrangements can be made by adding flowering bulbs to the collection. Philodendrons and ivy can be draped to help conceal the pots and to soften the straight, stiff lines of hyacinths and daffodils. If you have an indoor planter, be sure to rearrange it and add potted tulips this year.

To date the most successful indoor gardening I've done was achieved by using an old, beat-up coffee table three feet square for which I had a water-tight container made that was five inches deep; I painted the table and the container the same color. In the fall I filled it with a variety of potted foliage plants, and then after the first of the year I added the flowering bulbs as they came into bloom. I had sprinkled a little grass seed in each pot shortly before it was brought to the living room, so we had fresh greenery as well as brilliant bloom all through the dismal months of late winter.

COMMENTS ABOUT BIBLE SCHOOL

In our September issue of Kitchen-Klatter we printed a letter from a reader who questioned the advisability of having Bible School immediately after public schools closed in May, and wondered if it might not be much better to schedule Bible School in late summer?

We invited your comments on this subject, and since most plans are made far, far in advance, it seemed that a summary of your comments might well be published now to give you a chance to think it over.

Point One: Bible School held in late August has been tried in many places and has proved to be highly successful in most cases. However, in reading these letters we were struck by the fact that practically all of the ones reporting on great success came from other sections of the country . . . not from Midwestern communities.

Point Two: Many churches have given the late August Bible School a trial and decided against it for the following reasons: Too many children absent on vacations. Too hot. Minister on his vacation and unable to help in any way or to meet parents at closing exercises. Too many teachers absent on vacations or too tired to help in August. County Fairs interfered with attendance.

These were reasons given for going back to Bible School as soon as public school is over.

Point Three: Many churches have decided that the August Bible School works out much, much better and never expect to go back to the other

dates. Several people reported that the children were so much more eager to attend in August that it more than made up for the fact that attendance was smaller because of vacations.

"Everyone got so much more out of Bible School in August," was a phrase written over and over again.

This at least answers one perplexing question in the mind of the reader who wrote originally—she had never heard about August Bible School being tried anyplace.

Well, it is scheduled annually in many places and so successful that they wouldn't think of having it at any time but August.

In Midwestern communities where most church members are employed in a big industry that schedules vacations at a given time, such as all through the month of July, families are back on deck in August and able to participate almost 100% in Bible School held at that time.

The type of community seems to be the one most important issue—not the climate, as far as our Midwest is concerned. If County Fairs and vacations are going to take most children away, then August is almost out of the question.

But if you have good reason to think you'll have about as many children and teachers on hand in August as in late May or early June, then think long and hard before you decide that it is out of the question. Some of those who made the change with fear and trembling were overwhelmed with the success of their August venture.

ALL OF TRUTH

Happy are they who have eyes to see:
They shall find God everywhere.
They shall see Him where others see stone.

Happy are they who have deep insight:

They shall rejoice in undiscovered ways of God.

Happy are they who know the power of love:

They live in His spirit, for God is love.

Happy are they who live for truth:
They find a way to relieve the hearts of men.

Happy are the souls fully given to Thee:

They shall be filled with peace and perfect love!

You cannot afford to talk failure, doubt or fear. Why? Because words register in your heart and after they have registered, they take control of your life.

THANKSGIVING

Give thanks, O heart, for the high souls

That point us to the deathless goals,
For all the courage of their cry

That echoes down from sky to sky.
Thanksgiving for the armed seers

And heroes called to immortal years . . .

Souls that have built our faith in man
And lit the ages as they ran.

THERE'S A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By
Frederick

I have a good recipe for you this month. If you have already read my letter you know that I'm just back from a wonderful trip to Nova Scotia, and it is my personal opinion that there are no people on this earth who can cook fish like Nova Scotians.

Most of the time they are dealing with fresh fish, of course, and there's no getting around the fact this makes a big difference. Even the newest processes of flash freezing leave you with a product that can't honestly be compared with fish taken from the water only a short time earlier.

However, most of the fish eaten today was once available only to the comparative handful of people who lived right on the water, and it made a tremendous difference to our diet when frozen fish could be distributed all over the country. When I grew up in the Midwest we knew fish as canned salmon, tuna and shrimp and, since there were no lakes in our part of Iowa, the only fresh fish we ever knew was catfish. Contrast this with the big variety of frozen fish available today and you can see how things have changed.

However, it's my personal opinion that people don't experiment enough with various ways to serve fish—they're inclined to fry everything and let it go at that. Fried fish is delicious, no doubt about it, but you're missing a lot if you stick strictly with the skillet.

We were served this dish in Nova Scotia and I can recommend it to anyone who is looking for a wonderful way to prepare halibut or any white fish. Since it has to bake for an hour, you might as well put some Idaho potatoes and squash into the oven at the same time. With a green salad and some kind of dessert you have a fine meal for a chilly November night.

(This recipe could be given a number of different names but I'm calling it Nova Scotian fish to identify it easily in my big file of fish recipes.)

Nova Scotian Fish

- 1 1/2 lbs. of fish (without bones)
- 1 tsp. lemon juice
- 1 cup milk
- 1/3 cup cracker crumbs
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. green pepper
- 2 Tbls. pimento

Place the halibut or other white fish in a buttered baking dish. Brush with lemon juice. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and diced green pepper and pimento. Cover with cracker crumbs. Dot with butter. Bake one hour at 350 degrees. This amount will serve six people.

We may live without poetry, music and art,

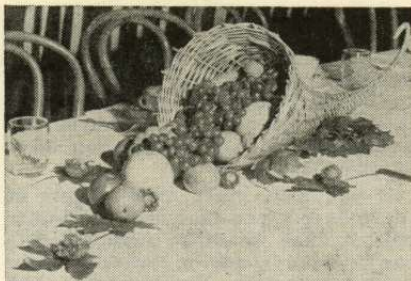
We may live without conscience

And live with heart,

We may live without friends,

We may live without books,

But civilized man cannot live without cooks.



In recent years these woven cornucopias have become very popular, and certainly are much cheaper than they used to be. We use the one Juliana brought us from Arizona several years ago for our Thanksgiving centerpiece.

RECIPE OF THE MONTH

In most homes today there seems to be such a rush in the morning that extra-special rolls for breakfast just can't be managed. But Sunday morning is something else again, and there are holidays too when we hanker after more than the usual toast or pancakes.

The very next time you have even a fighting chance of putting something out of the ordinary on the table we hope you'll try this recipe for Blueberry-Cinnamon Rolls. They are absolutely delicious. They appeal to the most persnickety tastes. And although you can't produce them in the time it would take you to turn out toast, the end results are truly worth the effort involved.

(I've stressed Sunday morning breakfast and holiday breakfasts because these are the only times I've made them, but those of you who have neighborhood coffees will give the girls a happy treat if you serve them; and they'd be nice for supper when the rest of the meal is skimpy or made up entirely of left-overs.)

BLUEBERRY-CINNAMON ROLLS

Syrup

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 cup water

Combine in saucepan; bring to a boil; pour into 8-inch round pan and set aside.

Rolls

- 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 3 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1 egg
- 1/3 cup milk
- 1 cup drained blueberries (15-oz. can)
- 1/2 cup coarsely chopped walnut meats

In a mixing bowl sift dry ingredients. Cut in shortening with pastry blender until like coarse meal. Stir in beaten egg-and-milk mixture. Turn dough out on lightly floured board and roll into 10 x 15-inch rectangle. Spread blueberries on dough; sprinkle with nuts. Roll lengthwise like jelly roll. Cut into ten 1 1/4-inch slices. Place cut side down in cooled syrup. Bake in very hot oven (450 degrees) 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot with butter. Makes 10 rolls.

TO LOVERS OF "THE LITTLE HOUSE BOOKS"

So many of you friends share our feelings about the wonderful "Little House" books written by Laura Ingalls Wilder that I thought you'd be interested in this news from Aubrey H. Sherwood of DeSmet, South Dakota.

Mr. Sherwood expressed to me in a letter his appreciation of the contributions that have been made to help whittle away at the cost of placing headstones on the Ingalls family lot, part of the Wilder Memorial Project. Along with this he added something that made me realize how timeless the wonderful "Little House" books really are, and what appeal they have for people far beyond the Midwest.

"We had a contribution from a Danish librarian assigned by Unesco to Indonesia—she read about our memorial project in a library publication. She has since written that on a six-month furlough in Copenhagen she prevailed upon a publisher there to print the Wilder books. He was of the opinion it would be a work of love, but was amazed to find that the first one sold more copies than any other of the year!"

Perhaps someday these beautiful classics of our pioneer heritage will be translated and published all over the world. When that time comes, our Midwestern heritage will be alive and vivid to countless people and someday our grandchildren will talk with residents of far flung places who will be eager to know if "The Long Winter" was really that long and that hard, and what happened to Pa, Ma and the little girls after the last book was written.

FROM A FULL HEART

Bless the four corners of this house
and be the lintel blest,
And bless the hearth and bless the
board
And bless each place of rest.
And bless the door which opens wide
to strangers and to kin,
And bless each crystal window pane
that lets the sunshine in.
And bless the roof-tree overhead and
every sturdy wall,
The Peace of Man, the Peace of God,
The Peace of Love on all.

DOES THIS APPLY TO YOU?

There are many people who practically never write to old friends, because they have a feeling that if they write at all they must write at length. But that is a great mistake; and by this indolent reticence many good ties are broken. The point is the letter, not the length or the literary quality of the letter. And it is pitiful to think that a few words scribbled on a scrap of paper three or four times in a year might save a good friendship perishing listlessly from lack of nutriment.

—John Murray

Recipes Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

CORN FAIRFAX

During the winter months it takes a bit of ingenuity to turn out some really delicious vegetable dishes with our old standby ingredients as the base. This recipe for corn and green beans is not a new one for we have printed it before. However, we received more comments about it than any vegetable recipe we have shared with you, and for that reason we thought it advisable to print it again for the benefit of new readers.

- 1/4 cup minced onion
- 1/4 cup minced celery
- 4 Tbls. butter or bacon fat
- 2 cups cream style corn
- 2/3 cup green beans
- 1 Tbls. minced parsley
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 1 1/2 cups rich milk
- 2 well-beaten eggs
- 2/3 cup bread crumbs
- 4 Tbls. butter
- 2/3 cup grated cheese

Combine the minced onion, minced celery and 4 Tbls. butter. Simmer for 5 minutes and then add the corn, beans, minced parsley and cook slowly for 5 more minutes. Add flour, salt, paprika and blend well. Stir in the milk and cook 4 minutes. Add the well-beaten eggs and pour into a buttered baking dish. Cover with the crumbs which have been blended with the butter and grated cheese. Bake for 15 minutes in a 375 degree oven.

DOROTHY'S OATMEAL FRUIT COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 1-1/2 cups oatmeal
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. cloves
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/3 cup sour cream
- 1 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped dates
- 1/2 cup nuts
- 2 eggs
- 3-1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Sprinkle the oatmeal on a shallow pan and heat in the oven until well browned. Cream the shortening and sugar. Add all the rest of the ingredients and beat until well mixed. Drop by spoonfuls onto a cooky sheet and flatten well. Bake about 12 minutes in a 375 degree oven. These are delicious and surely disappear in a hurry at our house.

JULIANA'S FILLED BUNS

- 3 wieners, finely chopped
 - 1/4 cup grated sharp cheese
 - 1 hard cooked egg, chopped
 - 1 Tbls. finely chopped pickle
 - 1 1/2 Tbls. catsup
 - 1/4 tsp. prepared mustard
 - 1 Tbls. salad oil
 - Dash of salt
- Dig out bun; pack with filling and close. Wrap each in foil, place on cooky sheet and bake about 20 minutes in a 250 degree oven.

APPLESAUCE-LUNCHEAT CASSEROLE

- 2 cups sweetened applesauce
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 12-ounce can luncheon meat, cut in 6 slices
- 1/2 tsp. garlic salt
- 2 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- Prepared mustard

Mix the applesauce, brown sugar, chopped onion and vinegar together. Pour into a 7 x 11-inch baking pan. Arrange slices of meat over applesauce and spread lightly with mustard. Melt butter and add garlic salt. Toss with bread crumbs and sprinkle over meat. Bake in a 400 degree oven for about 20 minutes. This is absolutely delicious!

GERMAN SWEET CHOCOLATE CAKE

- 1 pkg. Baker's German sweet chocolate
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 2 cups sugar
- 4 egg yolks, unbeaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 4 egg whites

Melt chocolate in 1/2 cup boiling water. Cool. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks and beat vigorously. Add the melted chocolate and vanilla and mix well.

Sift together the salt, soda and flour. Then add alternately with buttermilk to chocolate mixture, beating until batter is smooth.

Beat egg whites until stiff peaks form. Fold into batter. Pour into three 8 or 9-inch cake pans, lined on bottoms with greased and floured wax paper. Bake in a 350 degree oven from 35 to 40 minutes.

Mary Beth says: "There is an endless variety of fillings and icings you can use for this, but the day I served it (and made such an impression on Donald!) I put the layers together with whipped cream and frosted the top and sides with whipped cream also. I sweetened the cream with powdered sugar and used 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring in it."

GLAZED PORK CHOPS

- 6 chops
- 2/3 cup brown sugar
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1 tsp. sage
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1 Tbls. water

Place chops in shallow baking dish or cake pan. If possible, do not stack or overlap chops at all. Spread paste over chops. Bake uncovered in a 250 degree oven for 1 hour; then 15 minutes at 350 degrees. Turn chops once during baking. (I turned mine after 45 minutes baking and spooned some of the mixture in the bottom of the pan over each chop.) We thought this was a wonderful treatment of chops that takes them out of the ordinary and into a special class.

WALNUT CLUSTERS

If you want a chocolate cookie rich with nutmeats and very SPECIAL, this is the answer!

- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 1/2 squares chocolate, melted
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 cups chopped nutmeats

Cream together the butter and sugar. Add the egg, vanilla and melted chocolate. Sift together the dry ingredients and add. Lastly, add the nutmeats.

Now that is a lot of nutmeats for the size of the recipe, but that is what makes them SPECIAL, so if you possibly can, add the entire 2 cups. However, you will have a nice cookie even if you use less than the amount given. When using the entire 2 cups, use English walnut meats for that amount of black walnuts would be too strong. If you are making up this recipe using only a few black walnut meats be sure to "brace them up" with some of our wonderful Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring.

GRAHAM-PRUNE BREAD

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 egg
- 2 Tbls. vegetable shortening
- 1 1/2 cups graham flour
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 cup buttermilk
- 1 1/2 cups white flour
- 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup prune juice
- 1 cup cooked prunes
- 1 cup nutmeats

Cream together the sugar, salt, egg and shortening. Add graham flour sifted with baking powder alternately with the prune juice. Lastly add the prunes and nuts. This makes 2 loaf pans, greased. Let stand for 20 minutes before baking 1 hour at 350 degrees.

APPLESAUCE SQUARES

- 1/2 cup shortening (part butter)
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup unsweetened applesauce
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Cream shortening with sugar until mixture is fluffy. Beat in eggs, one at a time. Sift flour with baking powder and salt. Add alternately with applesauce. Add flavoring. Pour into 11 x 15 inch flat pan, lightly oiled. Bake 30 minutes at 375 degrees. Let partially cool and then spread with following icing.

Icing

Heat 4 Tbls. butter in heavy pan until lightly browned. (Be careful not to scorch.) Remove and add 2 cups powdered sugar, 1/2 tsp. cinnamon. Mix well. Add enough hot water to make a thin spread. Brush it over the applesauce sheet and cut in small squares.

LUCILE'S REALLY SPECIAL NOODLE DISH

- 4 oz. (2 1/2 cups) fine noodles, cooked until tender
- 1 cup cream-style cottage cheese
- 1 cup dairy sour cream
- 2 Tbls. parsley snips
- 1/4 cup finely chopped onion
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- Dash Tabasco sauce
- 1 Tbls. poppy seed
- Salt and pepper to taste

Drain noodles that have been cooked in boiling salted water and combine with other ingredients. Bake about 30 minutes in a 350 degree oven—use a buttered 10x6x1 1/2 inch baking dish or two small casseroles. Sprinkle Parmesan cheese over top and dot with butter.

DON'T LEAVE OUT THE POPPY SEED! Use ingredients listed and you'll have an absolutely delicious dish that is a grand change from potatoes or rice.

PEANUT BUTTER PIE CRUST

This is a nice change from the ordinary graham cracker pie shells. School Day peanut butter gives it a rich full-bodied flavor which goes very well with light chiffon or cream type pies.

- 2 cups finely crushed graham crackers
- 1/4 cup white sugar
- 1/4 cup smooth School Day peanut butter
- 2 Tbls. water

Combine all the ingredients and blend thoroughly. Press firmly into an oiled pie pan. Chill. Fill with cream or chiffon type filling. Chill until ready to serve.

BAKED PINEAPPLE

This is a perfect "extra dish" to serve with baked ham. The friend who sent the recipe says that she often takes it to covered dish dinners and is constantly asked for the recipe.

- 1 #2 can chunk pineapple
- 1 cup grated cheddar cheese
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup dried bread crumbs
- 2 Tbls. butter

Mix the drained pineapple with the grated cheese. Mix flour and sugar in saucepan and add the juice from the drained pineapple. Heat just to blend well. Put the pineapple cheese mixture in an 8-inch square baking dish and cover with the sauce. Top with the bread crumbs and dot with butter. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 20 to 25 minutes, until lightly browned.

Lucile's Note: When we first looked at this recipe we couldn't quite imagine how in the world it would taste and thus felt a shade uncertain about trying it. Well! Here is something actually "different" that is absolutely delicious. Probably you substitute the way we do (except when we're testing) but don't try and substitute any cheese for the cheddar. Serve this hot the next time you have ham and see if you don't agree it's a fine addition to have in your recipe file.

ENGLISH APPLE PIE

- 1 egg, beaten
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup chopped apples
- 1/2 cup nuts

Beat the egg well and add all the ingredients in the order given. Be sure the batter is smooth and well mixed before stirring in the apples and nuts. Turn into a buttered pie pan (no crust to this pie) and serve with small garnish of whipped cream.

Evelyn says: "This recipe was given to me by a friend who had eaten it at a church supper in Des Moines, Iowa. The women who served the meal had so many requests for the recipe they finally typed off copies for distribution. It is more on the order of a bar than a pie, chewy and good on the inside, crusty and brown on the outside."

HARD SAUCE

- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1 Tbls. cream
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Cream ingredients together and beat until fluffy. It takes only a minute or two to make this if the butter is soft and my! what a lot it adds to any warm pudding or plain cake. Vanilla goes with practically anything, of course, but once in a while add 1/2 tsp. of our Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar, lemon or maple flavorings.

CHERRY TORTE

Shell:

Beat 3 egg whites with 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring and pinch of salt until foamy. Gradually beat in 1 cup sugar and beat until stiff peaks form. Stir in 1/2 cup fine soda cracker crumbs and 1 tsp. baking powder. Spread in greased 9-inch pie plate and bake in a 300 degree oven about 40 minutes. Cool.

Filling:

You can use a commercial cherry pie filling or make your own as follows:

Drain juice of No. 2 can tart cherries. Combine 3/4 cup syrup and 1/4 cup sugar and heat to boiling. Add cherries and cook for 10 minutes. Mix 2 Tbls. cornstarch with a little remaining syrup and add to hot mixture and cook, stirring, until thick. Cool. Whip 1 cup heavy cream; spread a layer of cream in shell, then add cherry filling and top with layer of whipped cream. Chill several hours before serving or let stand overnight. If you want to use only 1/2 cup whipping cream, omit the layer under the filling.

ARLEIGH'S TUNABURGERS

- 1 can tuna
- 3 hard-boiled eggs
- 1/2 cup cubed cheddar cheese
- 1 tsp. finely chopped onion
- 2 sweet pickles, finely chopped
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise

Mix all ingredients together, heap on split buns and put under the broiler until heated and a little brown. These have to be watched very carefully because once they start to brown it goes fast.

These are delicious and my children love them. My whole family is home at noon and I fix Tunaburgers about once a week, allowing two buns for each person. With hot cocoa and cookies it makes a good lunch.

ONE OF OUR FAVORITE CASSEROLES

Place in 2 qt. casserole 1 cup raw rice, 1 cup canned whole kernel corn, drained. Sprinkle with salt and pepper to taste. Pour over this 1 can tomato sauce and 1/2 can water. Add 1/2 cup onion and 1/2 cup green pepper, both finely chopped. Then add 1 lb. of ground beef (not cooked) in an even layer. Salt and pepper. Add a second can of tomato sauce and 1/4 cup water. Lay 4 strips of bacon over this mixture and cover and bake for 1 hour at 350 degrees. Uncover and bake 1/2 hour longer.

I fix this frequently on exceptionally busy days—bake it just one hour in the morning and then finish it the last 30 minutes at supper time. With homemade rolls and one of the fruit pies I baked last summer with fresh fruit and stored in the freezer, we have a hearty meal.

—Arleigh

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

This particular letter to you is a real milestone in my life because it is the first time I have written from my new study at the end of my new kitchen.

As a matter of fact, it is the very first time I have sat down at this desk and uncovered my typewriter—I was waiting for the initiation to be my letter to you because I thought it would be a good omen for the years ahead. I enjoy writing to you and I figured that if I held off entirely until this particular letter was to be written, then somehow it would set the tone for many happy hours in the future. There are people who probably would call this being superstitious. I prefer to call it "moving on a hunch."

On the shelves near this desk are my cookbooks and tucked among them are the three little black loose leaf folder cookbooks that I made when I was first married back in 1937. My! when I think what those cookbooks have seen! Also tucked among my collection is a church cookbook that had been missing for several years and I always felt badly about it because some of my favorite recipes had been in this book published by the Friendship League of the First Covenant Church in Minneapolis.

Russell's mother gave me my copy a long time ago and when it disappeared I tried to get another and learned that it was out of print. I never expected to have it again, so I was genuinely pleased when it appeared at the bottom of a big box that was unearthed from the storeroom. How it ever got there to begin with I'll never know, but it was a happy sight to my eyes when it came to light.

These days I begin to realize that it takes a long, long time to settle into a new house or one that has been extensively remodeled. Somehow it had never occurred to me that a long period of adjustment would be necessary—I just thought you settled back in and that was that. Well, I've discovered otherwise. It isn't as simple as all this. It takes quite a bit of doing to go from a horse and buggy to a jet—and that's a reasonable comparison between our 1900 house and what we have today.

No one told me this in advance and consequently I feel a moral obligation to pass on the tidings! Unless you're young and bounding with vitality and able to roll with the tide, don't expect to get your sea legs under you for a long time if you make a major housing change. We hear all of our lives that we're creatures of habit, but the full meaning of this phrase doesn't penetrate until we're called upon to give up those habits. Then we learn, and learn with a vengeance, how true it is.

While I'm passing on these observations I'd like to add one that Abigail wrote in a letter to me. She expressed sympathy with our months of turmoil and confusion and then said "One of the biggest mistakes I ever made in my life was remodeling our kitchen



If you have a big file of Kitchen-Klatter, turn back to May, 1943 for the first picture we ever used of Elliott Chapin, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Chapin of Glen Gardner, N. J. (For new friends we'll add that Mrs. James Chapin was Mary Fischer of Shenandoah before her marriage.) Elliott is a gifted flutist and has attended wonderful music camps during the summer months. Next year he will be a freshman at Princeton.

just before Alison was born. I was so busy I couldn't really enjoy it for months."

Now there must be someone reading these words who is thinking about a knock-down, drag-out kitchen remodeling such as Abigail and Wayne did in their Shenandoah house, so if you're planning to get it done just before the new baby arrives, think twice. After all, you remodel something to enjoy it, and the timing is most important. Maybe you'd better wait until the new baby is on deck and settled into a fairly steady routine!

If we can have the house "finished" in time for our Kitchen-Klatter office party at Christmas time, I'll be happy. This means drapes up, carpet down, etc. There will be bare spots where furniture is concerned because another thing no one mentioned to us was how beat-up and battered our old furniture would look when we put it in a new room. Our old house was so dark that somehow we just didn't see all the scars and mars and worn out upholstery! Well, the light that pours in through those living room windows reveals all the weaknesses, and since we can't replace everything at one fell swoop we'll just put up with bare spots for quite a spell.

Now that we've had a chance to live with two different types of synthetic carpet in Russell's office, the broadcast room and my own room, I can tell you that the living room and dining room will be carpeted in wool. Those rooms are going to get heavy traffic and we've concluded that for the "long pull" (at least I hope we never have to think about carpet in this area again) we'll be better satisfied with wool. I promised to give you a report on this as soon as possible and that's the story.

You might be interested to know what we used for curtains in the new kitchen. I wanted something I could handle easily that would be heavy enough to draw at night and serve as a shade—this eliminated the sheer no-iron fabrics, of course. What we settled on was white cotton tablecloth yardage and panels of this kind are easy to launder compared to some I've used in years gone by.

At the big thermopane window in front (right now it frames our crab tree that is loaded with scarlet fruit) I have some very beautiful hardanger embroidered panels that must be around 50 years old. They were a gift long ago and even though they are badly worn in places, I love them. At each side are the white tablecloth drapes I mentioned, and for a valance over all of this we used one of the carved walnut valances that had been in our former dining room for years. It is the headstead of a bed, turned upside down, and has an old-fashioned look that I like.

At this date we haven't yet found anyone to paint the outside of our house and I surely hope we don't have to go into winter with all that new construction unprotected. Shenandoah hasn't had nearly as much building going on as other towns of the same size in the Midwest, but it's been an uphill struggle all year to get things done. We've noticed how few young men are learning any of these trades and wonder what the future holds when it comes to keeping up a property? Perhaps a frame house that requires painting every few years will be almost a thing of the past in the world that lies ahead.

And speaking of the world that lies ahead . . . I, for one, would like to think that somehow it could be a less frantic and less pressured world. From reading all your letters I have come to the conclusion that only people actually bedfast escape a daily round that can be compared to a roller coaster that never stops. There doesn't seem to be any time left for just sitting peacefully and quietly. Our children are caught up in it from the day they start to school and every year seems to bring more activities and more pressures.

Do any of you folks with high school students see much of them? We surely don't see much of Juliana and here we are only a short distance from school—if she rode a bus as so many of your children do, we'd see even less of her. We get a glimpse of her at the breakfast table and another glimpse at the supper table—that's about it. She spends a great deal of time on her home work and then there are all the activities that are sandwiched in somehow. I think parents used to feel that children hadn't really disappeared from home until they went to college or went out into the world on their own, but you can have children in high school these days and get the sensation that they're not really at home.

I have no idea how much school work your children bring home, but probably the classes they're taking

(Continued on page 16)

CHRISTMAS PICTURE EGGS

By

Mary Beth Driftmier

If any of you are looking for extremely unusual and beautiful ornaments to hang on your Christmas tree, these picture eggs are just the thing.

Your supplies are simple. The cost is almost nothing. What you need the most of is time and patience, although experience gives you speed and confidence.

If you have saved last year's Christmas cards you'll find an endless array of little things to cut out . . . baby angels, cherubs, birds, deer, stars, candles, etc. If you didn't hang on to any cards, look through magazines for small "Christmasy" objects that are pretty and brightly colored. However, I would suggest that you paste these on to a heavier piece of paper because slick magazine paper doesn't have enough body to stand up.

In addition to these pictures you'll need a bottle of clear nail polish, a box of cotton, a tube of glue and an assortment of sequins, rhinestones, pearls and glitter.

The most difficult part of the entire project is getting the egg shells just right. Begin now to start saving egg shells and if you'll remember to allow extra time when you bake an angel food cake or anything else that calls for lots of eggs, you'll have all the shells you care to work with for one session. Making these windows is slow work, so allow lots of time.

First, hold the egg in your fingers making a circle out of your thumb and index finger. Then gently but firmly strike the middle of the egg with the point of a sharp paring knife. This knife break should be made as close to the center of the egg as you can place it. Don't try to break either end because the eggs are hung from the tree by the small end.

Work your knife point gently into the shell making an opening large enough to accommodate the point of a pair of very, very small scissors. I used baby fingernail scissors, but any shears will work. The secret of keeping the shell from splitting away from the scissors lies in taking tiny cuts each time. Work the scissors around in an oval pattern and when you lift the cut window away and empty out the egg your hardest job is done. Incidentally, don't attempt to make this window too large or it won't be as pretty or as strong as a smaller window.

Wash the shell in cold water and allow it to dry thoroughly.

Begin your decorating by painting the inside of the egg with clear nail polish. This strengthens the shell and adds a glossy shine in case you don't care to color the inside. After this has dried, you can decorate the outside of the egg with any color you prefer—or none at all. I left several of mine natural color to contrast with the ones I sprayed gold and silver. I don't recommend gold paint because it tarnished and darkened after one year in contrast to the silver ones that look

as good as new and I made these three years ago.

Next, squeeze a dab of glue into the large end of the egg and then gently place on it a small fluff of cotton rounded like a bird's nest. Then put a line of glue along the bottom of your cut-out picture and carefully anchor it in the hollow of the cotton. Hold it for a few seconds while the glue hardens.

Now you are ready to decorate the outside edge of the window.

Squeeze a narrow edge of glue around the window opening and then put a row of sequins on it. (Unless you have very deft fingers you may want to use tweezers for this job.) There are a dozen variations of edging you can use in addition to the sequins. On some eggs I alternated sequins and rhinestones; on others I dipped the glued edge into a small mound of glitter. Tiny pearls make a beautiful edge, and last year a box of old costume jewelry provided a wealth of sparkly things for decorations. You can do stunning things too with tiny beads, and some of my best looking eggs combined silver shot (such as we use on cakes and cookies) and brilliant red beads.

The final touch is to place a pearl or rhinestone at the top of the egg with a drop of glue. Be sure you use something that a thread can be run through, for one thread is all that is necessary to hang these eggs from the tree. They are so light that heavy string isn't necessary.

It's impossible to describe how enchanting these picture eggs look on a Christmas tree or on an arrangement of tall-standing evergreens for the mantel or buffet. Very few people seem to be familiar with them and are fascinated by the charming pictures inside, as well as the outside decoration.

Your children will love these eggs and if they do get broken by too rough handling, there is practically no loss involved except your time—and I guess we don't count the time we spend to give our children pleasure, do we?

MARY BETH'S LETTER—Concluded

April, I've been assigned as booth chairman for all the Easter eggs and centerpieces. One of the members had seen the decorated eggs I've made for our Christmas tree decorations and she credited me with more original creative abilities than I truthfully possess. I do have a good committee helping me, and converting these Christmas eggs into an Easter theme shouldn't be too difficult a transition. I've been saving eggs since September and I'm beginning to get relatively speedy cutting the windows in them.

Donald is in town this Saturday morning and he'll soon be driving up with Paul and Katharine, so it's time to close my typewriter and put it safely away in its strong protective box. Paul thinks this typewriter is the very most fascinating thing in the world—next to the vacuum, that is.

We all send our best wishes for a happy Thanksgiving to all of you.

Mary Beth

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By

Gertrude Hayzlett

Recently I gave you the names of several children in a South Carolina hospital. Some of them have been transferred and it is very possible that whatever you sent may have been returned to you on that account. Here are their new addresses. Will you try sending to them again?

Margaret Honea, Rt. 2, Westminster, S. Car. is 11 and is bedfast. She had rheumatic fever.

Larry Landers, 109 Hawkins St., Georgetown, S. Car. Bedfast. Age 10.

Mander Thompson, Carolina Children's Home, Columbia, S. Car. She had rheumatic fever and is still bedfast.

Mickey Vaughn, 331 Oak St., Woodruff, S. Car. also had rheumatic fever and is bedfast.

James Harold Wilson, Rt. 3, Box 296, Dayton, Tenn. is only 6. His legs are paralyzed and he cannot walk. He loves to get mail.

Mrs. Frank Wilson, Box 243, Parnell, Mo. is 56 and has had arthritis for 12 years. She can walk a little with the aid of crutches but mostly uses a wheelchair. She would like letters.

Mrs. Bessie Coddling, 2 Chestnut Hill Nursing Home, Greenfield, Mass. is 69, alone, and very depressed. She broke her hip many months ago but it has not healed well because of diabetes and she cannot walk. She is nearly blind and unable to write. I'm sure you can cheer her.

Miss Marie Chambers, 335 W. 7 St., Elmira, N. Y. had polio when she was a child. She wears braces and can move about the house to a limited degree but spends most of her time in a wheelchair. She wants mail.

Mrs. Jennie Aikman, 501 Second Ave., Audubon, Iowa needs lots of yarn to make into afghans for veterans in hospitals. She uses colors to knit the blocks and black yarn to set the blocks together. Small pieces can be used; and also used yarn if it is clean.

Mrs. E. M. Griffin, 1013 - 2 Ave., Plattsmouth, Nebr. has been one of our afghan knitters. Recently she fell and broke her right wrist so is not able to knit or even to write. She will enjoy hearing from you.

Mrs. Leeanna Hicks, Trailer 15, South Lane Marquis Trailerville, Pico-Rivera, Calif. is 75 and lives alone. She is a former Nebraskan and loves to get mail.

Mrs. Lucy Landl has been in and out of the hospital several times the last couple of years. She is now in a rest home at 60 S. Anacapa Drive, Ventura, Calif. Please send her a card.

Mrs. Clara Simon, Box 85, Battle Lake, Minn. is bedfast since she had her other leg amputated this summer. She will enjoy mail.

Miss Helen Weller, Rt. 2, Box 116, Roachdale, Ind. has been an invalid most of her life. She can get about the house but is almost never able to leave it. Cards would be appreciated.

MARGERY CONCLUDES HER VACATION REPORT

Dear Friends:

With trees losing their leaves and grass turning brown, vacation seems like a remote dream. However, I did promise to tell you about the return trip from Canada so I've gotten out our pictures, post cards, maps and notes and will recall some of the details that I think will be of interest.

When we reached Kenora, Ontario, our most northern stop, we passed a tourist information center and were greatly relieved to see it for the streets seemed full of travellers and we wondered if it had been a mistake to arrive without advance reservations. That sign was encouraging! Oliver and Martin returned with beaming faces and Laura (Oliver's sister) and I, waiting in the car, knew that they must be coming with good news.

They had been directed to a resort about four miles from town, so we drove out quickly, confirmed our lodging and unloaded the car. We hadn't stopped for groceries, so we drove back to the first store and bought a few things. When we returned, (and we weren't gone long at all) every cottage appeared to be occupied, a situation that made us glad we hadn't stopped on our way out.

Our resort had a nice sandy beach for swimming and although the temperature was in the low 70's, Martin just *had* to take a dip. He insisted that the cool air made the water seem warm so we didn't argue but let him enjoy his swim. After all, it will probably be many years before we get back to that particular vacationland, and we decided he'd better make the most of it!

While Laura and I did the supper dishes, Oliver and Martin went for a boat ride, but there was a chill in the evening air and they didn't stay out long. Soon they were back and we spent the remainder of the evening reading some of the literature we had acquired about Ontario.

The next morning we were greatly surprised to find we had all overslept—we laid this to the crisp, cool, Canadian air. After a hurried breakfast we drove into Kenora as we wanted to shop just as soon as the stores were open. Laura and I thought we had never seen so much beautiful China in our lives, and it was hard to restrain ourselves to the few pieces we bought.

After shopping we stopped at a lovely little shop for coffee. It was here that Martin wrote a post card to his grandparents and said: "We've stopped for coffee and don't know what we are getting!" To explain this I should say that we had been attracted to the tea room by all the delectable looking pastries in the window, and we agreed to order four different things. The names were so fancy we really didn't know what we were getting!

On our drive up to Kenora we had passed several places where we wanted to stop on our return trip. One such place was Rushing River, a suit-



Be sure you have a camera along when you visit the Paul Bunyan Park at Brainerd, Minn. Martin had a lot of fun posing beside various statues.

able name for the river really was rushing and gushing over the rocks and under the highway with a sound that could be closely compared to thunder. It was very scenic and I took a number of pictures.

We also decided to make a stop at Sioux Narrows. This was almost my downfall for there was a shop with beautiful woolens, gorgeous blanket coats, etc., and again I was tempted to spend money in spite of the fact we had vowed to be as economical as possible on this trip! As you see, I said *tempted*.

This is very well-known fishing and hunting country and is popular the year around. I particularly enjoyed the history about this section of the Lake of the Woods Country.

When we reached the junction of highways 70 and 71 we turned west and headed for the town of Rainy River on the river by the same name. The Sunday before in a Minneapolis paper we had read quite an article about the ferry that crosses this large river. Next summer Minnesota's last ferryboat service will be forced into retirement because a new bridge between Rainy River and Baudette will have been completed.

We had a nice visit with the owner, Frank Watson, and told him that the article in the paper had had a great deal to do with our being there, and that we supposed many of the people in cars awaiting their turn were there for a last Minnesota ferryboat ride.

Since we were re-entering the United States we were checked by the customs officials on both sides. We had saved the sales slips from our purchases as evidence that we had not spent above the quota for duty-free merchandise, so we were quickly checked out.

We drove south on highway 72 past Upper Red Lake and down to Bimidi. If you look at your map you can see that we drove for miles and miles without passing through a town. This is mostly forest reserve land and we saw many evidences of disastrous forest fires.

At 4:30 in the afternoon we reached Bimidi and had no difficulty finding a cottage on the lake. A boat went with the cottage and we had scarcely unloaded the car when Martin and Oliver were ready for a boat ride. There were some Canadian youngsters staying in the neighboring cabin who were on their first trip to the United States and Martin had a lot of fun visiting with them down at the boat dock. We wished we could have eavesdropped on their conversation!

Up to this point we had done most of our own cooking so we decided to treat ourselves to a nice fresh fish dinner in a cafe and we all enjoyed it very much. Oliver remembered that there is a teachers' college in Bimidi so we drove around looking for the campus and found it right on the lake. What a wonderful place for a college and what a wonderful spot for a convention! There was a great deal of activity the evening we were there for a big Lutheran Conference was in session.

The following morning we drove to Itasca State Park, headwaters of the Mississippi River. We had been there a number of years ago but we felt the same thrill when we stepped across the few stones on the edge of Lake Itasca where a trickle of water starts the mighty Mississippi.

Martin had been complaining somewhat that we had packed cold lunches for our noon meals every day and hadn't once had a fire. Consequently we obliged him by stopping for some wieners and found a lovely little roadside park on Leech Lake where there was plenty of firewood. All morning it had been threatening rain so we ate an early lunch, hoping any showers would hold off until we had eaten. As it turned out, we just made it; for as Oliver was packing the last thermos into the trunk it started to rain. However, the weather was *really* cooperating for it stopped raining when we reached Brainerd and went through the Paul Bunyan Park.

This is another stop you must make if you are vacationing in Minnesota. Although we had been there at an earlier time we found a number of added attractions which we thoroughly enjoyed. We wished we could have stayed longer but we were expected in Minneapolis by evening and simply had to be on our way.

We arrived in Minneapolis just in time to get ensnared in 5:00 o'clock traffic plus a torrential downpour. And poor Margery at the wheel! I'm not accustomed to city driving even under ordinary circumstances so it didn't help to meet up with congested traffic and a downpour! We were grateful to have the carefully written directions for reaching Oliver's sister's home from the north for it did ease the situation somewhat.

That weekend we were delighted to attend the Pop Musical Ice Review in St. Paul, the 23rd season for this performance of the Figure Skating Club, Musicians Association and the Civic Opera Association. Preceding the concert we had a delicious dinner at Lee's Highland Village.

(Continued on next page)

FROM MY DESK

By
Leanna

Question: "I realize that you never had this problem with your own family, Leanna, but it seems so many, many people are being affected today by these early marriages that maybe you've had letters from people telling you how they managed.

"Our daughter, only sixteen, married a boy seventeen—she had met him about a month earlier and we didn't dream she would go to an adjoining state and never tell us a thing about it. It came as a terrible shock to us—in fact, we haven't gotten over it at all.

"She was a junior in high school and she knew we had always intended to send her to college. Our school won't permit married students to attend, so now she has dropped out and says she'll never go back to any school. The boy she married has dropped out too and is working on his father's farm. They are living with his parents.

"You may think it's strange that I don't know how things are going with them, but my husband is so upset and sick about this that he told her not to come and see us at any time. She took him at his word, just walked out of the house not even taking her clothes, and he hasn't seen her since.

"I got to the place where I couldn't stand it, so unknown to him I drove out to the farm (about 20 miles from us) and tried to see her. Her mother-in-law met me at the door and since I didn't know her at all I started to introduce myself and explain why I was there, but she said coldly that I wasn't welcome and actually shut the door in my face.

"That has been three months ago and I'm at the place now where I just can't bear it much longer. She is our only daughter and we can't believe yet that all of this has happened without any warning at all. I talked to our minister and he tried to be helpful and comforting, but there really isn't anything he can do about the situation.

"If my husband could see it my way I think we'd have some chance of at least seeing our girl now and then, and yet he seems to feel more bitterly about it as time goes on and refuses to help me work out anything. With his attitude and the attitude of our girl's mother-in-law there doesn't seem to be any way to turn to make things better.

"I'd appreciate it so much if you would tell me how other parents have managed such a problem, and I'll be more grateful than you'll ever know if you can make any suggestions for me to follow."

Answer: "My heart goes out to this woman for she is up against a dreadful situation. We've had quite a few letters from people who were very unhappy about daughters and sons who married while they were in high school, but I can never recall hearing about circumstances such as this woman is facing.

It seems to me that her biggest problem is her husband, not her daughter. Unless she can get him to see the marriage in a different light she won't be able to make much progress in being able to see her girl in a normal way.

If anyone can think of any way to handle this so that harmony and love are restored, it would be a wonderful help. It seems to me that only people who have been through comparable circumstances really know what can be done and what can't be done. If you can lend a helping hand at this time by writing from your experience, it will be appreciated.

THE GREATEST THINGS

The greatest sin—Fear.
The best day—Today.
The greatest deceiver—The one who deceives himself.
The greatest mistake—Giving up.
The most expensive indulgence—Hate.
The cheapest, stupidest and easiest thing to do—Find fault.
The greatest trouble maker—Talking too much.
The worst bankrupt—The soul that has lost its enthusiasm.
The best teacher—The one who makes you want to learn.
The best part of anyone's religion—Gentleness and cheerfulness.
The meanest feeling—Jealousy.
The greatest need—Common sense.
The best gift—Forgiveness.

MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

Our drive back to Shenandoah was pleasant but uneventful. I wish I had space to mention individually the towns with beautiful new churches, schools and housing developments for we have friends in each town and know they are happy with these things that look so attractive to those who pass through.

In conclusion I want to say that we learned quite a bit on this vacation for we stayed in housekeeping cottages for the first time. We certainly saved money by preparing most of our own food and since all four of us pitched in to get meals, no one person was burdened. We made a few mistakes but we learned from them—and we just plain had a lot of fun!

All of the activities we're interested in are now in full swing and before we know it Thanksgiving will be here. This reminds me that a friend called yesterday to offer me some things to make an autumn centerpiece, so I should stop writing and see if it's convenient for me to go and get them this afternoon.

Sincerely yours,

Margery

And now among the fading embers, These in the main are my regrets:
When I am right, no one remembers;
When I am wrong, no one forgets.



These two boys, Craig and Douglas Eaton of Westfield, N. J., are the ones who helped their grandmother (Martha Field Eaton) so willingly through the months she spent in their home. We hope they can come out and visit all the relatives next summer.

LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

has quite a bit to do with it. Juliana is taking Physics, Algebra III, French, English and American history, a combination that seems to require a lot of evenings at the library plus more hours after she gets back from the library. The first three subjects are far beyond my powers to help with, but I can lend a hand with English and American history now and then.

The timer on my built-in oven has just reminded me that the baked potatoes, meat loaf and butternut squash are done. As yet I haven't had a chance to "settle in" and do all the testing that I've been anticipating for so long, but each day I come a little closer to my goal and before much more time passes I can put my hands on everything automatically and launch into a real cooking spree.

I hope no one feels impatient with me about the chocolate cakes, lack of pictures to date, etc etc. It's been just about a year now since our usual routine was blasted to shreds and we're still out of gear, so to speak. But if you'll remember that Kitchen-Klatter goes out every month, rain or shine, you'll know that in due time I'll get around to all the things I want to share with you.

I cannot close this letter without saying that all the uncertainty I felt about writing such intimate details in my September letter was completely wiped away by the unbelievably warm and comforting letters that you friends wrote to me. I will treasure those letters as long as I live, and I can only pray that at least in some small fashion I am worthy of the things you expressed.

Faithfully always

Lucile

Always do right. This will gratify some people, and astonish the rest.—Mark Twain

Please Read This

Every single day, month in and month out, we pick up letters or cards that say: "We can't find your Kitchen-Klatter visit on the radio and miss you so much—wish we could hear you again."

Nine times out of ten these cards or letters come from towns where other friends write: "We never miss your morning Kitchen-Klatter visit and hope you keep on for many years."

Now the fact that people in the same community write such completely opposite reports leads us to believe that many women don't have the habit of turning their radio dials—don't prowl around, so to speak, to see what they can stir up. In this day and age when practically every town has a radio station, it *does* take some turning of that radio dial to locate things you want to hear.

It could be, too, that your radio has lost a lot of its original zip. Radios have a way of doing this—will pull in things right at hand long before they die down completely.

Every day of the week, aside from Sunday, our Kitchen-Klatter visit is on the air for a half-hour. Before you decide that we're way beyond your reach, try some prowling with your radio dial and also be sure your radio is up in tip-top shape.

Here are the stations that carry Kitchen-Klatter out over the air waves, and here are the times to find us.

KWBG	Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KCFI	Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

THE LOOM OF TIME

Man's life is laid in the loom of time
To a pattern he does not see,
While the weavers work and the shuttles fly
Till the dawn of eternity.

Some shuttles are filled with silver threads,
And some with threads of gold,
While often but the darker hues
Are all that they may hold.

But the weaver watches with skillful eye
Each shuttle fly to and fro,
And sees the pattern so deftly wrought
As the loom moves sure and slow.

God surely planned the pattern;
Each thread, the dark and fair,
Is chosen by His master skill
And placed in the web with care.

The mother's heart is the child's classroom.

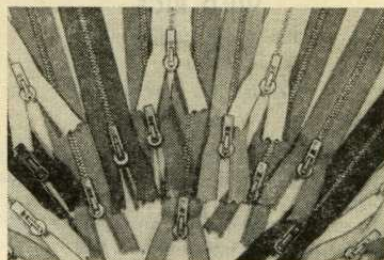
"SINCE YESTERDAY"

Along the golden streets a stranger walks tonight
With wonder in his heart—Faith blossomed into sight.
He walks and stops and stares, and walks and stares again,
Vistas of loveliness beyond the dreams of men.
He who was feeble, weak and shackled to a bed
Now climbs eternal hills with light and easy tread.
He has escaped at last the cruel clutch of pain,
His lips shall never taste her bitter cup again.
Oh, never call him dead, this buoyant one and free,
Whose daily portion is delight and ecstasy!
He bows in speechless joy before the feet of Him
Whom, seeing not, he loved while yet his sight was dim.
Along the golden streets no stranger walks today,
But one who long, long homesick is home at last to stay!

Note: We do not know the writer of this moving verse, but a friend sent it with these words: "When my husband passed away after a long illness, a friend sent this poem to me. It was such a great comfort that I thought perhaps sometime you could use it and thus help others who have parted with a loved one after many months of illness."

BE CONTENT

Take what God gives, oh heart of mine,
And build your house of happiness.
Perchance some have been given more,
But many have been given less.
The treasure lying at your feet,
Whose value you but faintly guess,
Another builder, looking on,
Would barter heaven to possess.



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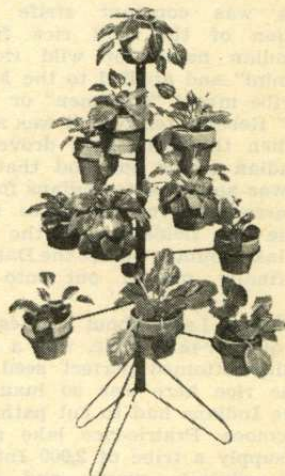
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WILD RICE

An American Dish

By

Hallie M. Barrow



The Indians taught the Pilgrims how to use and cook many native foods such as venison, wild turkey, fish, cranberries, corn, pumpkins, wild fruits and berries, honey and maple syrup. However, the Indians living in what is now Minnesota, would have added another American dish — wild rice.

Today, wild rice is an expensive dish often called the gourmet's grain and certainly the aristocrat of the menu. But at the time the Pilgrims were learning about native foods from the Indians, wild rice was not considered a delicacy for the gourmet by the Chippewas, the Sioux and the Fox Indians. It was their staple food and the only one that kept away famine during the long winter months when bitter cold weather prevented hunting or fishing.

There was constant strife over possession of the wild rice fields. One Indian name for wild rice is "Menomini" and applied to the Menomini tribe meant "rice men" or "rice people." Records tell that it was about 1625 when the Chippewas drove the Fox Indian tribes out and that the Chippewas and Dakota Indians fought and warred for two centuries more over the rice fields around the Minnesota lake country before the Dakotas were finally pushed out into the plains.

Prairie-rice Lake, about 8 miles long and a quarter-mile wide, was a shallow, miry-bottomed perfect seed bed and the rice here was so luxuriant that the Indians had to cut paths for their canoes. Prairie-rice lake alone would supply a tribe of 2,000 Indians with a winter's supply and some families stored away as much as 700 pounds.

Like its far distant cousin, cultivated rice, wild rice grows in shallow water from two to four feet deep; the water must be fresh, yet not swift running, not stagnant and not too warm. The Minnesota lakes seem just to its fancy and at least 90% of the wild rice comes from the Land of 10,000 Lakes.

However, since the white man has suddenly found wild rice so palatable, experiments are being carried on in many states and in time it may become plentiful. In late spring, the rice grains sprout on the mud bottom and about June appear above the surface. It has a hollow stalk, long pointed leaves and soon covers the water. It has small multi-colored blooms and soon is a grain field, growing about four feet above the surface of the water.

Now the Indians made camp along these shallow lakes at harvest time and proceeded as follows: a brave and his squaw climbed into a single canoe and he stood at the back with his ricing pole, two prongs on one end, and slowly poled through the grain. The squaw sat near the middle with a cedar flail in each hand. With one

flail she bent a sheaf of rice over the boat and flailed out the ripened grain with the other hand. When the boat was filled, they went back to camp and curing started.

Wild rice is first dried for several days and then is parched in a big kettle over a bed of coals. It must be stirred every moment for it scorches easily and is ruined. The parched grain is put into another big tub and the men, or children, in clean moccasins, do the "rice dance" and jig off the hulls. From the jiggling tub, it is poured from one container to another until all the hulls have been fanned away by the wind.

The Chippewas first fought with other tribes for the rice fields. Later they had trouble with the white man. When folks wanting to make a fast buck saw wild rice selling for almost \$2 per pound, why waste such wealth on the Indians? Only, it was to be a get-rich-quick crop with the white man . . . not for him the slow, tedious harvest of the Chippewas. He had a motor boat and at once started perfecting machinery to harvest and cure the grain. In a few years, the wild rice was almost gone. Much of it shattered when the Indians beat out their grain and with a canoe it was impossible to get it all. The white man didn't plan to leave a grain, so there was no natural re-seeding. Fortunately, before it was too late, the conservation department took over.

First; no one can harvest wild rice in the beds on the Indian reservations except the Indians and the whites living there. Then, on the lakes, streams and sloughs outside the reservations you must have a license to go "ricing." The ricer cannot use a motor boat and his special ricing boat must be not more than 16 feet long and 35 inches wide; the flails may be no more than 30 inches long nor weigh more than a pound. Harvesting machines are prohibited.

However, after the green rice is gathered, it may be picked up by a processor's truck and the parching, hulling and cleaning done by machinery. Even the Indians now usually sell their green rice and keep a small amount for their own use. It is a wonderful cash crop for them and one that doesn't need to be planted or tended. It keeps them from being paupers and still is their main food supply, for even if the Chippewa does not keep the rice for his family, he sells it for enough to buy many times that amount of store flour, pancake flour, meal, etc.

You can buy wild rice in a box (but be sure you ask the price before the grocer wraps it). It may be ten or

twenty times what you would pay for the same amount of cultivated rice. It can also be bought canned, in a mixed pancake flour, or, you might like "Pow-Wow-Pops" or prefer to pop your own wild rice.

As for cooking it, there are many ways and some of the processors get out recipe booklets. In general, it may be used any way white rice is used in casserole dishes, rice croquettes, as a vegetable to take the place of potatoes or in puddings. So far, most cooks use it in dressing for turkey, chicken, wild ducks and geese, quail and pheasant. The old Indian squaw washed it, put it to cook in the broth off any meat or game and let it simmer over a slow fire until the grains were plumped, rich and juicy. No matter how you cook wild rice, it's a treat.

GOODBY, DEAR SILVER

By

Evelyn Birkby

Six years ago this September a lonely little three-year-old boy went to find a playmate. The little boy's closest friend, playmate and sister had died just three months earlier. He was promised a dog just as soon as a nice one could be found. When we stood by the large litter of puppies waiting for his choice the wait was short. The little boy hesitated only a second and then scooped up a wiggly, roly-poly all white puppy with strange looking blue eyes.

"I want this puppy. He has a nice face." And that was that!

The puppy little Bob chose not only had a nice face but a perfect disposition for a "boy" dog. He was named Silver, appropriately enough, after the Lone Ranger's big white horse. Silver was a good companion to all of us, following Robert out into the field, prancing underfoot when I hung up the clothes and guarding us all with puppy fierceness.

In the spring a new little boy was added to Silver's responsibilities and then two years later a third. By this time the dog was deep chested with a regal head. Enough of his mother's collie blood came through to make him a really majestic looking animal. Silver's patience was tremendous. The amount of running, chasing, hiking, roaming and noise making of three boys is overwhelming. He was a fine watch dog, not because of any fierce qualities, but because his large size intimidated anyone who came near him.

He had three serious incidents. First his foot was cut badly by a mower. Second he was struck by a car when we moved here to the house on the busy highway. It caught him across the nose making it forever crooked but giving Silver a fear of the pavement which may well have saved his life at a future date. Then last fall he decided he was a dog and spent three days wandering miles to the east of home base, coming back bedraggled and hungry and surely wiser for he did not venture out again.

(Continued on next page)

Until last week he had never been sick, so far as we knew, for even a minute. But a week ago Tuesday Silver began refusing food, drooping and looking really ill. The veterinarian made several trips out. We spoon fed him egg mixed in milk with sugar. He did not seem to suffer but day by day grew more languid. On Monday evening of this week Robert took some milk down for him, but Silver would not eat. He did drink some cool water, managed to flip the end of his tail in a final greeting, laid his big white head with the one brown tipped ear and slightly crooked nose down on the blanket pallet and died.

We did not tell the children the next morning, for it was a big rush to get them off to school and no time to talk. All day long I brooded and dreaded the moment when I would have to tell them . . . Bob especially. They piled off the school bus in fine high spirits, not missing Silver's greeting bark for they knew he had been sick. At 4:30 I knew the time had come, any delay would run too close to supper and bed time. Bob took it far better than I had thought. He burst into hard bitter tears, then went in to tell Jeffrey. It was Jeffrey who was inconsolable. His grief was complete, all consuming and rebellious. When his sobs at last subsided he lifted his head from my shoulder and looked to Bob for reassurance, and Bob gave it to him in a very grown up manner. I was proud of my nine-year-old.

The boys wanted to know if daddy had buried Silver. I told them yes, down by the creek he loved so well, under a big tree. The boys immediately wanted to go see and I said fine. Craig, without tears, with limited comprehension, was ready to go along and be a part of whatever was taking place.

Soon the boys were back and in deep discussion in their room. I glanced in to see three heads close together over a board on which Bob was printing carefully in his green enamel model paint "SILVER 1953-1959". With a hammer, nail, the board, and the new Bible Bob had just received from the Sunday school last week, the boys once more trudged back across the road. Tears came to my eyes as I watched them; these were the three humans Silver loved most. I knew the healing of their tears had come and the drama and interest in this new situation had taken hold of their imaginations. How fortunate that children can assimilate and adjust so quickly even to a deep loss.

Jeffrey bounded into the kitchen, his old self again. "The ceremony is over."

"What did you do for your service?" I asked Bob as he followed Jeffrey into the house. "I read the 23rd Psalm, the 100 Psalm and then just leafed through the Bible and read lots of verses. We said a prayer and that was all."

I rather suspect this service was in the tradition of boot hill and T.V. presentations since their own experience is very limited, but it was a nice gesture. It was actually a catharsis for the youngsters, something they

could DO for their friend. I'm sure a God who made good dogs for little boys to play with understands that such a service is a genuine expression of love.

Strangely enough, it is the two adults of the family who really miss the big white dog the most. The yard seems so empty and silent. No longer do I feel the confidence of sending Craig out to play alone since he has no guarding companion. Robert comes home and no one bounds out to bark a raucous greeting. But we know how fortunate we were to keep him for six long years. He was exactly the right kind of "boy" dog. Some day we will get another dog, but we will always remember the big white Silver dog who was a good loyal friend and a companion who dedicated his whole life to the five humans he loved completely.

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Count your blessings, one by one,
At early morn and set of sun,
And, like an incense to the skies
Your prayers of thankfulness shall rise.
Look for the love that heaven sends,
The good that every soul intends,
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To keep a true Thanksgiving Day.

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get the most out of life.

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MORE OF OUR FAMILY FAVORITES

CINNAMON BALLS

Has your cookie jar been empty these busy autumn days? If so, do try these delicious, simple cookies. The children will love them and they are pretty enough for a party. Cinnamon-spiced to complement the buttery sweetness, these cookies also combine corn flake crumbs for a wonderful crispness. If you wish, finely chopped pecan meats may be added. Leanna came across these in California.

- 2 cups corn flakes
- 1 cup soft butter or margarine
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 cup finely chopped pecan meats, if desired
- 1 cup sifted powdered sugar

Crush corn flakes into fine crumbs. Blend butter or margarine with the sugar and vanilla. Sift together the flour and cinnamon and add with corn flakes and pecan meats, (if used) and mix well.

Shape into small balls 1 1/2 inches in diameter. Place on greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, about 25 minutes. Roll at once in powdered sugar.

MARGERY'S SWEET-SOUR SPARERIBS

One of Oliver's favorite meat dishes is sweet-sour spareribs. I'm ashamed to admit that we had been married several years before I fixed them because I didn't care for them. (I remember reading somewhere that that is one of the great mistakes women make in their cooking—not preparing a husband's favorite dish because they personally don't care for it.) This past year I made a determined effort to fix them. It turns out now that Martin and I eat them with just as much relish as Oliver does.

- 3 to 4 lbs. ribs
- 1/3 cup dark brown sugar
- 1 cup vinegar
- 1/3 cup catsup
- 1/3 cup water
- 1/4 cup Worcestershire Sauce
- 3 Tbls. horseradish
- 1 tsp. salt
- Generous dash of Tobasco Sauce
- 1 small onion, grated

Have the butcher saw the spareribs across the middle so you can cut them apart into serving pieces. Cut off extra fat and then arrange the ribs in a single layer in a large shallow pan, meaty side up. Roast at 450 degrees for 20 minutes.

While the ribs start to roast combine the remaining ingredients into a sauce and heat just to boiling. Reduce the oven heat to 300 degrees. Baste ribs with about half of the sauce. Continue roasting, turning and basting occasionally. At the end of a half-hour pour on the remaining sauce and bake another 30 minutes or until the ribs are well done. This recipe serves 6.



APPLE CRUMB

Now that most of us have apples stored for the winter months we are all anxious for good recipes to use them. This dessert is one that is easy to prepare and very tasty. Do try it.

- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/4 cup melted butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup water

Sift together the flour, sugar, baking powder, salt and cinnamon. Add beaten egg and melted butter. Crumble and spread over apples which are sliced fine and sugared and to which the water has been added. Bake at 375 degrees until light brown. (We use a square 8x8-inch baking dish.) This is good served either warm or cold, but our family members like it best served warm and with nice rich cream.

TUCSON BARS

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 1/2 cup honey
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 egg, unbeaten
- 2/3 cup sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup rolled oats
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1 cup coconut
- 1/2 cup nutmeats

Blend shortening, salt and vanilla. Add honey and sugar and cream well. Add egg and beat well. Sift flour with baking powder and add. Add oats, coconut and nutmeats. Bake in 8x8x2-inch pan, greased, at 325 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes. A crunchy tasting bar that keeps very well—if there is ever enough left to keep!

FROZEN STRAWBERRY SALAD

- 16 marshmallows
- 2 Tbls. strawberry juice
- 1 cup crushed strawberries
- 1/2 cup crushed drained pineapple
- 1 3-ounce pkg. cream cheese
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1 cup whipping cream

Melt the marshmallows with the strawberry juice in top of double boiler. Cool and add crushed strawberries and crushed pineapple. Soften the cream cheese at room temperature with fork. Add mayonnaise and blend well. Whip the cream and fold into cheese mixture. Blend all together and freeze until firm. Evelyn Birkby says she leans on this for a dessert salad since it can be prepared far in advance and everyone enjoys it.

BUSY DAY QUICK LEMON CAKE

- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1 cup flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 eggs
- Thick sour cream

Break the two eggs in a cup and stir well. Fill the cup with thick sour cream. Put this into a mixing bowl, add lemon flavoring and beat until thoroughly mixed. Add dry ingredients and beat again. Bake 30 to 35 minutes at 350 degrees.

—Dorothy

PINEAPPLE SALAD

Step 1

Dissolve 1 package lemon gelatin in 2 cups boiling water. Let set until partially congealed, then add 1 cup well-drained crushed pineapple, 8 chopped marshmallows and 3 diced bananas. (Save the pineapple juice for dressing.) If you want to, you may use the miniature marshmallows instead of cutting the large ones. Put salad in refrigerator to set completely while making dressing.

Step 2

To drained pineapple juice add enough water to make 1 cup. Add 1/2 cup sugar, 2 Tbls. cornstarch and 1 well-beaten egg yolk. (Be sure to add the cornstarch to the sugar to mix well before adding to the liquid.) Cook until thickened and then cool. When completely cool, add 2/3 cup cream which has been whipped. Spread this dressing over the firm gelatin mixture. Top with shredded cheese. Return to refrigerator, covered, until ready to serve. (Be sure to cover this so the cheese won't dry out.)

—Lucile

BURNT SUGAR JUMBLES

- 1/2 cup soft shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar, packed
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup undiluted evaporated milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Burnt Sugar flavoring
- 2 3/4 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda

1 cup coconut, walnuts, dates, raisins or chocolate chips. (These all make nice variations of the cookie batter.)

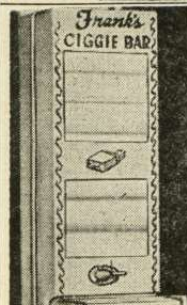
Cream shortening with sugars, adding the eggs and beating well. Add the evaporated milk and mix thoroughly. Sift dry ingredients and stir into batter. Lastly add the coconut, nuts or whichever of the ingredients you choose. Drop by tablespoon 2 inches apart on a lightly greased pan. Bake for 10 minutes at 375 degrees. These have a perfectly marvelous flavor, are very soft and stay moist.

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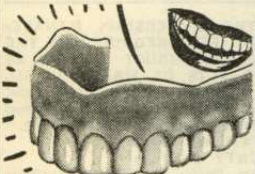
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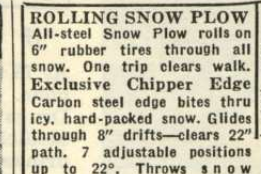
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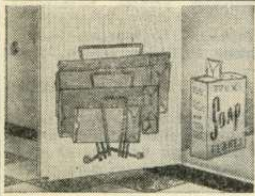
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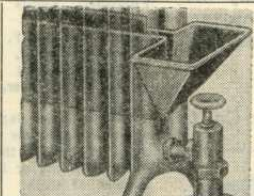
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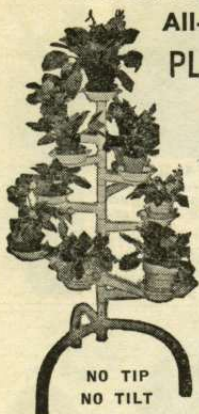
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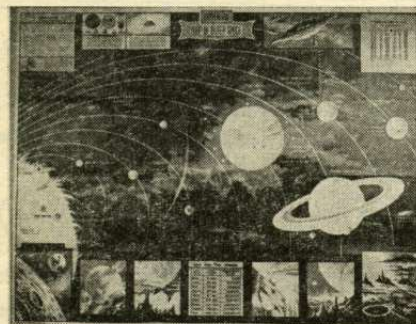
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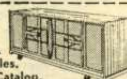
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STATE OF Iowa
COUNTY OF Page

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Russell Verness, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa

Editor, Leanna F. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa
Managing Editor, Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa

Business Manager, Russell Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock.)

The Driftmier Company Shenandoah, Iowa
Lucile Driftmier Verness Shenandoah, Iowa
Russell Verness Shenandoah, Iowa

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If none, so state.)

None

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Russell Verness, Business Manager
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1959.

Ruth Doty, Notary Public
(My commission expires July 4, 1960)

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LINEN HANKIES for Christmas gifts, beautiful crocheted edges, 50¢. **Mrs. Paul Kaiser**, Preston, Nebraska.

SHELLED PECANS, Walnuts, Almonds, Brazils \$1.75; Cashews, Filberts \$1.50 Pound. Postpaid. **Peerless**, 538B Centralpark, Chicago 24.

APPLIED QUILT TOP, crocheting, huck weaving, counted embroidery, brocade embroidery, puff pillows. **Mrs. Mike Bennett**, Arlington, South Dakota.

CROCHETED dish cloth doll center, 2 for \$1.50. Sea shell doily, \$1.00. Past ads good. **Emma Jackson**, Harwood, Missouri.

CROSS STITCHED APRONS—\$2.00. State color. **Velma Kolpin**, Rt. 1, Aurelia, Iowa.

PRETTY GIFTS—percale aprons, \$1.00; 6 for \$5.25. Postpaid. **Margaret Winkler**, Rt. 2, Hudsonville, Michigan.

CROCHETED pineapple popcorn stitch dollies 12"—\$1.00. Hairpin pillow slip edgings 42"—\$1.00 pair. Tatting hankie edges 47"—2 strips—\$1.00. Any color. **Mrs. Edna Sutterfield**, Craig, Missouri.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS—45 and 78 RPM, 4 for \$1.00. Old and new tunes, slightly used. Send 10¢ for big list. **Maureen Loots**, Carroll, Iowa.

CROCHETED—10" sea shell ruffle doily, \$1.25. Smocked gingham aprons, \$1.50. Serviceable kitchen aprons, \$1.00. Party aprons, organdy or cotton, \$1.25. Humpty Dumpty or penguin pajama bags, \$1.00. **Kathleen Yates**, Queen City, Missouri.

BARLOW POCKET KNIFE—genuine bone handle, fully brass lined, money back guarantee, \$1.00. **Tex-O Sales KKN** 1636 Baltimore, Muskogee, Oklahoma.

FOR SALE: Baby shawl 40x44 made with white nylon yarn, \$10.00. 28x32 baby carriage robe, \$5.00. White linen hankies crocheted edge, 75¢. Pillow lace \$1.00 a pair. **Mrs. A. E. Gehring**, Howard, South Dakota.

WOOL KNIT TV SOCKS—any color, \$2.75. Swedish cross stitched aprons, \$3.00. **Mrs. A. Fernstedt**, 910 Erie, Storm Lake, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Attractive border print aprons, \$1.10 each. Smocked corduroy sofa pillows 12 inches in diameter, stuffed, any color, made to order, \$5.50 each. **Mrs. Robert Wagner**, Hampton, Iowa.

EMBROIDERED—lunch sets, pillow slips, scarfs, towels. Crocheted baby sets, dollies and many other articles. Ad always good. **Mrs. Joseph Mueller**, 726 N. Minn., New Ulm, Minnesota.

LARGE, HEAVY MITT POTHOLDERS. Protect hands when handling hot dishes, \$1.50 pair. Ideal when barbecuing. **Mrs. Andrew Mitchell**, Atkins, Iowa.

GUARANTEED—crocheted twelve rose doily size 24 inches, \$3.25. **Mrs. Cletus Gannon**, Dell Rapids, South Dakota.

GIVE COLOR—flowered hankie pillow case, crocheted edge, \$4.00. Tea towels, \$3.75. Gifts for any occasion. **Lynette Goff**, Dunbar, Nebraska.

CROCHET EDGED EMBROIDERED PILLOW CASES, \$3.50. Booties from \$1.00 to \$1.50. Tea towels, large, 6—\$3.50; small, 7—\$3.50. Print aprons, \$1.00 or 6 for \$5.00. Dollies from \$1.00 up to \$3.50. Hankies from 50¢ up to \$1.00. Ad good any time. **Mrs. Carrie Carlson**, 400 North Osborn, Oakland, Nebraska.

12" PLASTIC CENTER DOILY with crocheted roses, poppy, pansy around, \$1.40. Write for list. **Mrs. Rita Herms**, Brainard, Nebraska.

LOVELY LINEN HANKIES—Lover's knot edge, white or variegated, 2 for \$1.50. **Mrs. Carl Denner**, New Hampton, Iowa.

MAKE FIGURINES: Pleasant Home Work. Rubber For Molds. Catalogue Free. **W. Wooley**, 1016-KK Donald, Peoria, Illinois.

CHRISTMAS—Fancy work, all kinds. Write **Alma Waidelich**, Shell Rock, Iowa.

CHRISTMAS SPECIAL—crocheting and embroidery. State wants and I'll quote price. Crocheted cross bookmarkers 50¢. **Vera Lachelt**, Janesville, Minnesota.

CHRISTMAS CARDS—21 for \$1.00. **Blanche Dvorak**, Plymouth, Iowa.

LOVELY—42" crocheted lady skirt pillow slips \$5.00. 7 Rose TV doily white, watermelon pink roses \$3.00. 7 dish towels embroidered \$3.00. 23" flower like TV doily, colors gold, silver metallic threads, \$2.25. **Mrs. Paul Ledebuhr**, Rt. 1, Houston, Minnesota.

LACE INSET PILLOW CASES. Several nice large quilts ready for quilting. Pot holders. Crocheted white table cloth. **Ollie Nebergall**, Osceola, Iowa.

FOR SALE: 27x54 mixed colors throw rugs \$2.50. Wanted: Rugweaving your prepared materials \$1.25 yd. I'll prepare, weave, rugs, \$2.00. Work guaranteed. **Rowena Winters**, Grimes, Iowa.

HALF APRONS—with decorative stitching or tots coverall to 6 years \$1.00. Mother and Daughters or fancy reversible, \$2.00. Quilt tops and patterns. **Meda Bentzinger**, Donnellson, Iowa.

WOOL FELT PIECES!

SENSATIONAL SURPRISE PACKAGE Here's a BIG Only \$1 assortment of brilliantly colored wool felt pieces. Each piece has a wonderful and practical use of its own. Make useful articles from this rugged hard wearing wool felt, — toys, coin purses, lapels and many attractive gifts. This amazing surprise package, only \$1. Send check or money order today to: **HARLANNE ART**, Dept. K, 2277 S.W. 19th St., Miami 45, Florida

FOUNDATION for a SMART, SLIM FIGURE



At last! A figure-slimming all-in-one you can slip into as easy as a caress! This marvelous new two-way stretch corsetette has a full-length 20" zipper that closes the open front from very top to very bottom, to give you form the smooth unbroken line the new glamorous fashions demand. A batiste Lastex inner shield gives extra stomach control. Embroidered nylon sheer bra tops, with two-ply satin under cups. White only. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back!

WILCO FASHIONS, Dept. CC57N
35 S. Park Ave., Rockville Centre, N. Y.
☐ Send Open Front C.O.D. \$4.98 plus postage.
☐ I enclose \$4.98, you pay postage.
Bust Size _____ Cup _____
☐ Regular ☐ Panty
NAME (print) _____
ADDRESS (print) _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
Save up to 65¢ postage—Enclose payment now

ABIGAIL'S RECIPES—Concluded**Candied Fruits**

2 cups sugar
1 cup water
1/3 cup light corn syrup

Boil together until syrup spins a thread when dropped from spoon (234 F°.)

Have maraschino cherries and cooked pineapple drained clear of all juice. Add to boiling syrup but do not crowd. Simmer until fruit is clear. Remove and place on screen to dry until no longer sticky.

For orange, lemon or grapefruit peel, let stand overnight in salted water (1 Tbls. salt per quart of water). Drain and wash, then simmer in clear water, changing water several times until bitter taste is gone. When peel is tender, drain and cook in syrup. Drain, roll in granulated sugar and dry. Be sure to make an extra amount of the candied fruit peels for they are a delicious treat to serve in place of regular candy.

I hope that anyone who feels timid about trying any of these things will gather heart and give them a try. To my way of thinking, there's simply nothing that can take the place of these extra special cakes and cookies that are made at home.

Probably we'll entertain some of the neighborhood families for Thanksgiving dinner, and the reason I'm so sure we'll be eating here is that we happen to have the largest dining room table! (We're the only ones in this neighborhood who once lived in a big old house.) I'll fix the stuffed turkey, potatoes, cranberry salad and the vegetables, and the rolls and dessert will be brought in. I won't know until almost the last minute how many will be here. Usually there is a storm and this means that expected guests can't arrive in Denver and others who were planning to drive elsewhere, don't dare. But in a new neighborhood where everyone is away from relatives you want to be sure that no one is left alone on Thanksgiving, so I'll just fix quantities of everything to take care of any last minute emergencies.

Until December . . .
Abigail

COVER PICTURE

Now and then we like to get pictures that duplicate, as closely as possible, pictures we've used in the past.

If you were a reader of Kitchen-Klatter in 1949 you will recall our Thanksgiving cover of Grandmother Driftmier stuffing the turkey with Martin and Emily as very small but fascinated "helpers". Last year when our Denver Driftmiers came for Thanksgiving we decided to get another "turkey" picture and we were pleased with the way it turned out.

Emily and Martin have changed tremendously, but it's our family opinion that Grandmother Driftmier looks just the same! We think that when you contrast the old picture with the new picture you'll probably share our opinion.



We wonder how many of you remember this picture that was our Thanksgiving cover in 1949?

Don't Confuse Flavorings With Extracts!

They're Not The Same

Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings give you only PURE flavor—there's not one drop of alcohol in them to evaporate, cook out, bake out or freeze out.

Buy ALL of our Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings to turn out fine food and to get a chance at the sensational new premiums we've lined up for you.

BUY THEM AT YOUR GROCER'S

If he doesn't carry them, send us his name.

KITCHEN-KLATTER COCONUT FLAVORING
KITCHEN-KLATTER STRAWBERRY FLAVORING
KITCHEN-KLATTER MINT FLAVORING

Lemon	Burnt Sugar
Maple	Black Walnut
Almond	Cherry
Orange	Banana
Vanilla (both 3 oz. and jumbo 8 oz.)	

If you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.25 for any 3 flavors, 3 oz. bottles. (Jumbo Vanilla \$1.00, per bottle.) We pay the postage.

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

Shenandoah, Iowa